

SHOULD SCHOOLBOYS DRINK BEER. (See inside)

PEARSON'S

£2,000

Free Insurance.

WEEKLY

ENTRY FORM. LIMERICK No. 55

A practical joker named Ted
Smashed a fire-escape call, and then fled.
But they made a good guess
At his private address

I agree to abide by the decision published in
"Pearson's Weekly," and to accept it as final
and I enter only on this understanding, and I
agree to abide by the conditions printed in this
week's "Pearson's Weekly."

NAME

ADDRESS.....

No. of P.O.

FOR PARTICULARS SEE PAGE III. OF COVER

No. 932.] POSTAGE, ONE PENNY. REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION TO CANADA. WEEK ENDING MAY 28, 1908. ENTERED AT STATIONERS HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY

The plainest fare with the addition of

HOLBROOK'S

SAUCE

makes a pleasing meal.

Patronized by H.M. the QUEEN of SWEDEN
GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.

THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to the Readers of Pearson's
Weekly, 28/5/1908. On receipt of P.O. for 5/6 we will forward
DIRECT FROM OUR SHOWROOMS to your 5/6 address one of
our PRUDENTIAL REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN HALF-GUINEA



for Drawing Room, Dining Room, Bed-
room, etc., handsomely bordered, in six different
colours of fashionable self-shades of Crimson,
Blues, and Art Colours to suit all
interiors, and LARGE ENOUGH
to cover ANY ORDINARY-SIZED
Room. These Carpets will be sent
free of charge. Sample Carpets, thus showing
the identical quality we do
supply in all sizes. They are
made of material equal to wool,
and being a speciality of our own,
they can be obtained direct from
our factory, thus saving the
middle profits.
OVER 100,000 SOLD DURING
THE PAST TWELVE
MONTHS. Money willingly
refunded if not approved.
The kinds of Repeat Orders
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received.



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Fine Virginia.
Sweet & Cool.
You'll enjoy
'PARK DRIVES'

10 FOR 2

Coupon in each
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Coupons sent in.

Made by Gallaher Ltd., Belfast and London. The Independent Firm.

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The Housewife's Friend.

VASELINE

2-oz. bottle, 6½d.; 4-oz. 11½d.; 8-oz. 1/9.

is preferred by many for its delicate flavour.
It is far cheaper than the usual Fluid Extracts.

2-oz. bottle, 6½d.; 4-oz. 11½d.; 8-oz. 1/9.

are inserted under this heading at the rate of 2s. per line of 7 words or part thereof. Every Advertisement must be prepaid. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Advertisements must be received by Tuesday morning for the following week's issue.

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Yankee

antiate what we say.
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TRENCH'S REMEDIES LTD.,
114 North Frederick Street, Dublin

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ROBINSON & CO. LONDON
IRISH DAMASK

Fish Napkins, 211 per doz.
Napkins, 211 per doz.
2yd. square, 211 per doz.
Kitchen Table Linen, 211 per doz.
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11
12
13

Look
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Name
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Fully Guaranteed

Ingersoll

5/- Watch

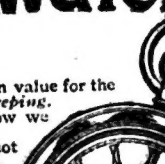
It is there to protect you from fraud.

The "Ingersoll" is in a class by itself.
There is no other low-priced watch that approaches it in value for the purpose for which a watch is intended—*i.e., correct time-keeping.*
15 years ago the daily factory output was only 33. Now we make and sell 12,000 per day.

This jump in popularity and sales has been accomplished not only by good management, and the use of money in advertising, but by the positive accurate time-keeping quality and merits of the "Ingersoll" Watch itself.

There are fifty million users who substantiate what we say.
Ingersoll watches are made in several models from 5/- to 21/-, including

Crown, the
Yankee



WEEK ENDING
MAY 23, 1908.

PIEM!

H. SAMUEL
OFFERS YOU:-

1. A Handsome 170-page Book absolutely Free.
2. The World's Finest Watches and Jewels as from the Factory direct at a Saving of almost One-Half.
3. A Month's Free Trial of all your Purchases.
4. A Beautiful Free Prize when Buying.

Well worth 1/6.

H. Samuel's price 1/6. Postage 2d. extra.

WARD BEARING AND ADDRESS will come the containing the PRIZES and ORDER - all FREE.

27, Market St., MANCHESTER.

DISINFECT
WITH
'SANITAS'
FRAGRANT
NON-POISONOUS
PAMPHLET-FREE.
THE 'SANITAS' CO. LTD.
LIMEHOUSE
LONDON

Hobart
CYCLES

REVOLUTION
IN THE CYCLE TRADE
"Hobart's" supplied direct from the Factory at Wholesale Prices.
"SENSATION ROADSTER" for £3-18-6 Cash.
Bicycle, Roadster, or Triplet in the Hobart's. Free delivery from 6 MONTHLY New Lease Free. Repairs and Accessories at 10% discount.

HOBART BIRD, LTD. (Dept. 56), Coventry.

DOZERINE CURES FITS.

It has cured permanently the very worst cases of Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sickness, &c., when everything else has failed. In almost every case fit cases entirely from the first dose. It is recommended by now being another, and, by that means, is now being sent to all parts of the world. Thousands of testimonials. Test it free of charge. On receipt of postcard I will send you a bottle absolutely free, so certain you will be cured. 4s. 6d. and 1s. per bottle. Post free. I. W. Nicholl, Pharmacist, 25, High Street, Bolton. (Dept. 1), 25 High Street, Bolton.

Better than Cod Liver Oil.

Real Devonshire Cream. Absolutely pure; no preservatives used. It is a perfect substitute for cod liver oil, and is especially recommended for children and invalids. 4lb. 14s. 1lb. 2s. 4d. constantly to the Countess. L. & Co., 1, Sefton, Dundonald, Gullford, London, S.W. Mrs. Conyers, Bridestow, S.O. Devonshire

Eiffel Tower
MILK PUDDING

A 1d. packet makes a delicious milk pudding in ten minutes. Try it. You will be delighted.

LEAVER Ltd., BELFAST

ASK

Fish Napkins, 201 per doz. Napkins, 511 per doz. 2yd. square, 211 per doz. Kitchen Table Cloth, 111 per doz. Table Linen, 111 per doz.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

WEEKLY.

No. 932.

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING MAY 28, 1908.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

ONE PENNY.



Ah, my friend, you find me on the point of departure for Tsarskoe-Selo, to play before the Tsarina, who for always has been so kind and gracious to me.

Don't I get tired of travelling? My faith, yes, but you can get accustomed to anything; even the Wolff gets used to being skinned—by hotel-keepers, railway guards, customs officers, and all the others who make the traveller's life a bed of thistles.

My start in life? Always I play the violin; at twelve I win a travelling scholarship from the King of Holland, and study at Rotterdam, Dresden, and Paris, gaining first prize at Paris Conservatoire. Then I go on tour to South America. Ah, that was a sad experience. I make a success, and £4,000; but my agent, the rascal, he pocket the £4,000, and do a bunk, and I get nozzing at all.

But some years later I revisit South America with another agent, and do very well. I remember, after I give a concert at Rio de Janeiro, a man come to me and say: "You are very good, oh, yes, very good, but we had a nigger here last week who could play the fiddle behind his back." Such is fame! To that man I was nozzing beside that nigger.

The greatest compliment I ever received? Ah, let me think. Yes, I should say, when I play one of his own compositions to Grieg, the great Scandinavian composer, and when I finish, he say: "Ah, it is not I, but you, who have composed that." Saint-Saens, too, he say much the same thing to me one time. It is such appreciation that wipes out the disagreeables of an artiste's life.

There are disagreeables? I believe you. Artistes are not as other people. They have the artistic temperament, and it is in many ways not a blessing.

We are so sensitive. So easily, what you call, elevated, so quickly knocked down. And it is the peculiarity of the artistic temperament that we generally do our best when we are suffering. At least, that is so with me.

I LOVE THE ENGLISH.

I remember I have to give a concert when my father was very, very ill. I was almost out of my mind with anxiety about him, but never did I play better. Indeed, as I play I seem to lose myself altogether, to be inspired as never I was before. And when I finish they tell me that my father has passed away, even as I play.

Ah, yes, one has often to play under great difficulties. I remember during the Boer war there was a great concert given in aid of the British soldiers' widows and orphans. I am a Dutchman, but I love the English, who have been so kind and hospitable to me, and so, when they ask me to play, I say yes, with the greatest of pleasures. But a few days before the concert I fall and hurt my arm. Ordinarily, I should have asked to be excused, but I say to myself: "No, they will say, he won't play for us, because he is a verdommt Dutchman, and love the Boers." And so I play, though in great pain.

My recreations? Chiefly I fish. But there must be fishes to be caught, or I not like it. And I have shot the stag. Ah, that was an experience I never forget, and gives me nightmares to this day.

ON THE "ROOFS" OF THE WORLD.

I was staying with Lord Glenesk, in the Highlands, and they say to me, "Come along, we make you sportsman, we go to hunt the stag." I am always what you call game for anything, and I say, "Rightoh, I'm the boy. Let us kill the stag, the naughty beast." And so between them they lend me the quilt, and the pibroch, and the McCallum More, and the guns, and the knives, and the Doch-an-doris, and all the rest of the sporting man's equipments.

Next morning, in the middle of the nights, we set out to chase the stag.

Mon Dieu! It was dark as a witch, and it rain like the very fury. And we climb mountains millions of feet high. Climb! We swim up them on our stomachs! My poor hands that are life to me! All

torn and bleeding! And the heather tickle my bare legs, and my nose, and, when I sneeze, they look at me as if I am a murderer.

At last, when we have climbed to the roofs of the world, and I am about to give up the ghost, having already had the vomits very bad, the two fierce gilliechallums with me throw me behind a rock, and say, "Keep quiet."

Mon Dieu, as if I wanted to talk. I couldn't even pray. Then they turn their backs on me, and I lie there with all the rain there ever was in the heavens pouring down on me for what seem like several weeks, and then they say, "Hist! there he is!"

We are wrapped in a dense mist, and I see nozzing at all. But they say, "There he is, shoot, mister, shoot." And, to please them, I shoot at the wide, wide world, and miss it. Then they talk very excited, and I think, swear, and then we go home. I do not remember how we got there; but I am not to be beaten, and three days later, when I have again the use of my limbs, I go out and kill the stag, and drink his bloods, and am a sportsman.

But I hunt no more stags. *Jamais de la vie.*

Thames Wolff

"She's really too young to go shopping alone."

"Yes, she is rather impressionable?"

"Impressionable. How do you mean?"

"I mean she's liable to get excited and buy something."

FLOWER-SELLER (to customer, who is buying a bunch of daffodils): "Now, those is English flowers, you know—real English; none of them things grown in Cornwall!"

A boy of twelve, having been asked to describe the method of imparting instruction in the schools, replied: "They ax you once and then they hits you."

WHICH DO YOU PREFER?

SOME of the paper manufacturers of America are suggesting that all newspapers should be printed on black paper in white ink, on the grounds of the economy such a change would effect.

At the present time out-of-date newspapers are practically useless from a commercial point of view, and it is quite impossible to convert them into clean, white paper for further use. If black paper were used, it would, of course, be a simple matter to turn the old sheets into fresh paper for printing.

In view of the suggestion, we have shown here what your morning paper would look like if the change is ever made.

MR. WATKINS: "Well, Tommy, what did the minister preach about to-day?"

Tommy (promptly): "Go to your aunt, you slugger!"

SINGLETON: "What's the matter, old man? You seem to have trouble in your mind."

Wedderly: "My wife told me to order something in town, and I'll be hanged if I can remember whether it was a settee or a tea-set."

**NOTHING
TO PAY.**

**—£50—
TO WIN.**

There is Still Time to Enter this Easy Contest.

As already announced, in "Changelets," our new and simple contest, you are provided with a paragraph from which you must remove six of the words and substitute other six in the same places, and thus give the sentence an absolutely different meaning.

Here is an example which will make the matter perfectly clear to you. You might be given a sentence such as this:

"When Lamb was a young man he tried to increase his small income by writing lottery puffs, but they did not succeed very well."

By the removal of six words, and the substitution of six new ones, we get the following sentence. The new words are underlined:

"When lamb was a luxury, man bravely tried to increase his small menu by eating jam puffs, but they did not digest very well."

Below you will find a coupon containing a paragraph which must be treated in this manner. The sentence is:

What's in a name? That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

Lightly cross out on the form below the six words you wish to alter, and write in ink, carefully and clearly, above the crossed-out word, the word you wish to substitute. If you can make your sentence by crossing out fewer than six words, you may, of course, do so. YOU MAY NOT, HOWEVER, CROSS OUT AND SUBSTITUTE MORE THAN SIX WORDS. When you have done this to the best

of your ability, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the coupon, and place it in an envelope addressed to "The Changelet Editor," Pearson's Weekly, Honrietta Street, London, W.C.

Reasonable abbreviations of two words, such as "What's," which appears in the coupon below, will be counted as one word only. Everyone who enters must compete on the printed forms.

A final coupon will appear in next week's Pearson's Weekly. The Closing Date of the Changelet Competition is FRIDAY, JUNE 5th.

To the reader from whom the Editor receives what he considers to be the best sentence will be awarded

The First Prize of £25.

The next two attempts in order of merit will be awarded

£5 Each.

And to the next fifteen attempts in order of merit will be awarded

£1 Each.

The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored. The Editor's decision is final, and readers may only enter on this understanding.

CHANGELET COUPON NO. 3.

What's	in	a	name?	That	which
we	call	a	rose	by	any
other	name	would	smell	as	sweet.

Name.....

Address.....

If you are wise you'll purchase soon the ROYAL MAGAZINE for June.

Poisonous Parrots



Animals that Infect Man.

lowing, that the germ takes only three days to develop, and that once the blood is thoroughly infected there is hardly any hope of cure.

Anthrax is a disease common to the horse, sheep, cow, and goat, and can be communicated by any of these animals to man. The three recent cases in South Wales were of men who had been employed to bury horses that had died of anthrax, and the reason why the disease is called "wool-sorter's" is because it can be communicated by wool, mohair, horse-hair, hides, skin, or bristles.

Lecturing at the School of Popular Medicine, Dr. Manson declared that the best preventives against cholera, plague, and malaria were the kettle, the rat trap, and the mosquito net. He meant, of course, that cholera is water-borne, plague rat-borne, and malaria mosquito-borne.

Yellow fever has also been proved to be carried by an "anopheles" mosquito, and more recently Professor Koch has ascertained that the germ of the deadly sleeping sickness is also carried and communicated to man by an insect—oddly enough, one whose main sustenance is the blood of the crocodile.

CATS BRING DIPHTHERIA.

Very few people realise how greatly mankind suffer from diseases communicated to them by the lower creatures. Insects are the worst offenders, and the worst of all is the common fly. Typhoid, plague, and cholera microbes are all borne by the common house fly. Scientists assert that one fly can in one day infect a quart of milk with a hundred colonies of cholera germs to each drop.

Both fleas and ants have been definitely proved to carry plague germs. Microbes taken from ants which had devoured a plague-killed rat were shown to give the disease to inoculated guinea-pigs.

Man's worst enemy, so far as infection-carrying is concerned, is certainly the rat. The number of different germs which this foul creature is capable of carrying and transmitting is very large.

A strong case has also been made out against the cat. Cleanly though the cat is by nature, yet it cannot cleanse itself of the bacilli of such diseases as diphtheria, smallpox, and scarlet fever, and all of these it has been proved capable of transmitting.

So well is this fact recognised that when an epidemic of smallpox broke out some three years ago in Altoona, Pennsylvania, the health authorities ordered the killing of every cat and dog in the infected houses.

The principal infection to man from dogs is that ghastly disease, rabies or hydrophobia, which, owing to careful legislation, has happily been almost completely stamped out in this country. The worst of hydrophobia is that it does not always manifest itself at once. In one of the last cases that occurred in the British Isles—this was at Garnant, in Carnarvon—the patient showed no signs of the disease until two years after he had been bitten.

BALDNESS FROM HENS.

Pigs can, and do, suffer from smallpox similar to the variety of the disease which affects man. But the worst peril from pigs is, of course, trichinosis. The trichina is a small parasite which infects the diseased pigs, and may be carried into the human body in imperfectly cooked pork. The results are appalling, and, when the disease is not checked, the patient's sufferings end in paralysis and death.

Parrots and other birds may become infected with tuberculosis, and so may monkeys. Such pets become centres of infection, which may spread through the whole household. Parrots kept in closed rooms without proper ventilation are extremely likely to contract consumption, but, where their quarters are fresh and airy, they are safe enough.

One of the most curious cases of a man catching a disease, hitherto supposed to be peculiar to a bird, occurred in Kent about four years ago. A Plymouth Rock, in possession of a poultry expert, contracted the disease known as "white comb." Its owner treated it, applying a mixture with his hands, instead of a brush. Within a few days spots appeared on his face and at the back of his head. His hair began to fall off.

It was only after months of costly treatment that he recovered from this horrible infliction.

WITHIN the past few weeks five deaths from anthrax have been noticed in the daily papers. Better known as "wool-sorter's disease," there is hardly any more fatal malady known to medical science. There is no need to disgust the reader with a description of its loathsome symptoms; sufficient to say that it can be communicated either by inoculation or by breathing or swallowing, that the germ takes only three days to develop, and that once the blood is thoroughly infected there is hardly any hope of cure.

How I Climbed the Ladder

A Series of Fascinating Life Stories of Successful Men Told in an Original Way. Begin Reading at the Bottom of the Column.

No. 6.—Mr. CYRIL MAUDE, the Famous Actor-Manager.

1908.

Fall of the roof of Charing-Cross Station; destruction of the Playhouse, which was on point of being opened. Day before disaster I picked up a horsehoe outside the theatre and nailed it up in my dressing room for luck!

1902.

The Second in Command.

The Little Minister.

At Comedy Theatre.

1892.

Vaudeville Theatre.

Things looked rather bad, but an appearance at the Grand Theatre, Islington, in *Racing*, produced by Mr. G. H. Macdermott, turned the tide. Appeared in *Frankenstein* at Gaiety Theatre, December 24th, 1887.

1882.

Went to New York and joined Daniel Bandmann's company, in which toured the States. First appearance at Denver, Colorado, as a servant in *East Lynne*.

Went to Army crammer's, left to go on stage, but ill-health sent me on a voyage to Australia and back.

1872.

Announced my irrevocable determination to be an actor. Consternation in my family, who wanted me to be a soldier.

1862.

January, 1907, opening of rebuilt Playhouse with *Toddles*.
—Building of the Playhouse begun.

Joint manager of the Haymarket Theatre. First production, *Under the Red Robe* (Oct. 17th, 1896).

First appearance at old Avenue Theatre, now the Playhouse, in *The Crusaders*. Same year first appearance at Haymarket under management of Mrs. Langtry.

Married Winifred Emery, only daughter of Samuel Anderson Emery, granddaughter of John Emery, both eminent actors in their day.

First appearance in London in an "old man" part. Ghastly failure.

Returned to England and toured with Miss Charlotte Elliott.

Farming with my brother in Canada.

School at Charterhouse. Took prominent part and parts in school theatricals, but general opinion of masters and boys that stage the last profession in the world I should dream of adopting.

First appearance on stage, in production of *Cinderella*, at a dame's school.

Born, London, April 24th, 1862.

Cyril Maude

Not long ago the Rev. H. Schnadorst retired, after fifty years' pastorate at the North Bow Congregational Church. A remarkable feature of his ministry was that it did not cost the church, which he built himself, a single penny.

He was not only a preacher, but a chemist, and, as he made a considerable fortune out of his discoveries in the realm of chemistry, he was able to give his services to the church for nothing.

There is a dentist who lives in South London, and who has a fairly lucrative practice, who, nevertheless, more than doubles his income by writing fiction. He not only writes under his own name, but under several *noms de plume*, and his stories have appeared in many leading magazines. He has also written several novels, and his output probably amounts to forty or fifty stories per year.

He could doubtless live by his pen, but he finds it more agreeable to vary his occupation, extract old teeth and put in new ones during the day, and ply his prolific pen at night.

Mr. E. H. Holden, who was the first man to make a series of paintings of the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi, is another man who mixes his professions. Though he is a painter of note, and has exhibited at the Royal Academy as long ago as 1872, yet he is also a professional musician, and holds a certificate from the Royal Academy of Music as a brass soloist.

When not painting, Mr. Holden is either singing or conducting a choir, and has long been choirmaster of the third largest congregational church in London, and has conducted many choirs and orchestras.

DRAMAS FROM THE BENCH.

To paint his famous series of pictures of the Victoria Falls, he had to travel 7,000 miles, and, as he painted them long before the railway reached the Zambesi, he was in danger any moment of a lion creeping up behind him, and taking him unawares.

Judge Parry, who wrote that very successful comedy, *What the Butler Saw*, is another excellent example of mixed professions. He is probably the only man who has ever written a play while actually occupying the Judge's Bench.

Mr. John Cutler, K.C., is probably unique, too, as a King's Councillor and dramatic author. Though he dabbled with literature when waiting for briefs, he afterwards gave his mind wholeheartedly to his profession, and rose to eminence as a Professor of English Law and Jurisprudence at King's College, and is one of the greatest authorities on "Patent and Trademark Law."

Of late years, however, he has returned to his first love, and divided his time between the law and the drama. He has been a great writer of monologues, and these have been rendered by actors and actresses all over England and America.

An even more remarkable case than Mr. Cutler's is provided by a tobacconist's assistant, who serves behind the counter of a small shop in the Edgware Road. It is believed that two leading managers have lately accepted plays from his pen. It is probable, however, in this case, that he will not long mix his professions.

FUNERALS AND WEDDING BREAKFASTS.

There is a parish priest, who lives not far from Calais, who earns his living by mending motor-cars. The village of Graincourt is much frequented by motorists, for it has a beautiful little church, which is much admired. Close by lives the priest, and round his house is a strange litter of bicycles, motor-cycles, chassis, oil-cans, and a fearful and wonderful variety of tools. An outhouse is turned into a garage and repairing shop.

The fact is, the curé's father was a blacksmith, and the lad grew up with the love of tools. Times have been rather hard for priests in France of late, and this one has turned his mechanical bent to very lucrative purposes, and has made a business of what was once a pastime.

F. C. Holland, the famous Surrey professional cricketer, is an excellent vocalist. He often appears both on the concert-hall platform, and on the music-hall stage, and wherever he goes he is popular, for he has a very good baritone voice.

In Vienna there is an undertaker, who not only sees you safely buried, but will, on a less doleful occasion, supply you with a wedding breakfast. He is a baker, grocer, bird-fancier, artist, sculptor—the last-mentioned is chiefly of a sepulchral nature—and He also teaches singing. He is a met, and some-astrologer.

thing of an



Mixed Professions.

Wine



Mexico the Marvellous

Chat with Mr. C. J.
Cutcliffe Hyne.

[Mr. C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne, the famous creator of "Captain Kettle," has recently returned from a visit to Mexico, where he is interested in silver-mining properties. In this interview, special interest is lent by the forthcoming opening of the Mexican Exhibition at the Crystal Palace. Mr. Hyne describes some of the marvellous potentialities of this land of riches and romance.]

MEXICO, in my opinion, is incomparably the land of the future for the adventurous Briton with a little money, a little knowledge of mining, though the latter is not essential, and average health, strength, and "grit."

Most people, even if they have not read their Prescott, have heard of the Spanish conquest of Mexico and the almost fabulous mineral wealth Cortez and the conquistadores found there. There is, however, I imagine, a general impression that the Spaniards took out of Mexico pretty well everything in the way of gold, silver, and other precious metals that there was to be got. But this is an entirely mistaken idea.

Cortez & Co., and their successors, did no more than scratch the surface of the country. The wealth in sight, outcropping on the surface, was enough for even their avarice, and to-day, so far as its real mineral resources are concerned, Mexico is practically virgin territory.

I am almost afraid to speak of what I have seen there, lest I be put down as a hopeless-romancer. And, indeed, the richness of the silver mines, in which I am particularly interested, namely, those of Ocotlan, near Oaxaca, baffles description. For instance, we are at present only shipping ore that is worth over £20 a ton. All poorer than that goes on the dump.

It was Cortez, by the way, who, when asked by Ferdinand and Isabella what reward he desired for his conquest of Mexico, replied, "Give me the valley of Oaxaca." The rest of the country, immensely rich though it was, was nothing to him if he could have that splendid bit, the valley amongst the Sierra Madre mountains. And, as I have said, Cortez did no more than scratch the surface.

DESPISED GOLD.

However, it may give you some idea of the richness of the Mexican silver mines when I tell you that gold running three to four ounces a ton of quartz is looked upon as a subsidiary product barely worth the trouble of recovery.

Think of it! On the Rand, quartz carrying one ounce of gold to the ton would be considered great; in Mexico it would be thrown away as waste. Moreover, in addition to silver and gold, there are rich veins of copper, iron, lead, antimony, bismuth, and other precious metals but scarcely touched as yet, so plentiful and so easily worked is the silver. Then, apart from mining, there are splendid agricultural and manufacturing prospects in the country.

In short, it would be impossible to exaggerate the potential and actual wealth of Mexico.

As to the social conditions, they are excellent, thanks to that wonderful old man, President Porfirio Diaz. When one looks round and thinks things over, it is easy to decide that Diaz is the biggest man now alive in this world.

A splendid despot, brooking no nonsense. Some time ago mail robberies were rife on the Mexican railways. There was little doubt the train officials were in the game, if not the actual robbers themselves.

Don Porfirio arranged a trap by which the mail train was stopped en route by his soldiers, who, as was expected, found the mail-bags already rifled. Ten minutes later every official on that train had been shot. There are now no train robberies in Mexico.

A wonderful man, Porfirio Diaz. From chaos he has evolved order, from bankruptcy solvency, and life and property in Mexico are now as safe as, and, in regard to the latter, perhaps safer than in England.

THE COUNTRY FOR BRITONS.

I have said that Mexico is the country of the future for Britons, and I will tell you why.

The Mexican dislikes all foreigners, or "gringos," as he calls them, but he dislikes the Englishman least, just as he most hates the American.

Americans awoke years ago to the possibilities of Mexico, and the country is overrun with them. But they will never do much good there, for the Mexican won't have them at any price, or, rather, only at a price which almost handicaps the American out of the race. This little story will explain what I mean: A friend of mine was buying a Mexican who asked

whereupon a Yankee standing by exclaimed: "Why, you scoundrel, you told me you wouldn't sell under 100,000 dollars." "Quite so," said the Mexican; "to an American my price is 100,000 dollars, to an Englishman 50,000." And for everything in Mexico the American has to pay double the ordinary market rate.

You see, the majority of Americans who go to Mexico do so for reasons not unconnected with the laws of their own country, and if an American finds America too hot for him, you may be sure he is a very warm customer indeed.

The Mexican, though incorrigibly lazy, is no fool, and he argues the matter out this way: "This utterly lost and for ever condemned American is certain to 'do' me sooner or later, so I am not taking any risks, and I'll charge him double for anything he wants. The Englishman, on the other hand, I know may be, and often is, an honest man, and I can afford to deal fairly with him." It is sound philosophy.

Therefore, in Mexico the Englishman will get a fair field, and even a certain amount of favour, whereas the American finds every obstacle thrown in his way. As to climate, except on the coast, where the mines are not, it is admirable.

Of course, there are some drawbacks, but none very serious, the chief being, perhaps, the labour question. Skilled drillmen draw eightpence a day, but then as they can live comfortably and bring up a family on two shillings a week, it is hard to convince them of the beauty of regular toil.

The peon will work hard enough while he is at it, but saints' days are a sore trial to the mine-owner or manager.

To each day in the Mexican calendar is allotted a saint, and the man born on any day is named after the saint who belongs to it. When his name-day comes round it is incumbent on him to "chuck" work and to invite his dearest friends to a fiesta, said friends responding in kind when their name-days come round. And it is not only a case of the celebrants losing one day's work, but it invariably takes them two days to recover from the fiesta.

However, to any Englishman who can command, say, £1,000, and will be content during his first few months in the country to bide his time, learning the language and the "ropes" in general before investing in mining or other proposition, Mexico offers, not only a healthy, thoroughly enjoyable life, but a probability amounting almost to a certainty of amassing a fortune.

ONLY THING LEFT.

THEY were a group of sporting men, and were unable to raise a sovereign between them. But they wanted to see the races badly, so one at a time they presented themselves at the paddock gate.

"I am the owner of Starlight," the first said. He was well dressed, and imposing. They believed, and passed him in.

"I am Starlight's trainer," said the second. His red face and bluff manner bore out his story, and they admitted him.

The third man was small and thin. "Starlight's jockey," he said shortly, and hurried through the gate.

The fourth and last man of the group was very shabby, indeed.

"Well, who are you?" they said impatiently when he presented himself.

"I am Starlight," was the meek reply.

ETHEL: "Do you know the language of flowers?"
Mabel: "No; I've no desire to learn. If you had heard papa since he has taken up gardening, you wouldn't have put such a question."

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Why the Odd Farthing?

Leading Drapers' Views on an Odd Trade Custom.

[Why should drapers charge 1s. 11½d. for an article instead of 2s.? An attack on the system recently appeared in a drapery trade paper, and here are some leading drapers' replies, contributed, by request, to "P.W."]

Messrs. ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Ltd.
(The famous Irish linen firm of Regent Street and elsewhere).

Your question, "Why Do Drapers Use Farthings?" is one that requires a somewhat lengthy answer, as it has been brought about over a long period of years, and by a number of circumstances—one of the principal reasons being the desire to sell cheap. I have had many years' experience, and I know of no other business where there is so much competition, or where the public is so well catered for as by the draper.

When he starts in business, his fixed idea is the necessity to sell cheap, and every well-known business of to-day owes its success to giving good value for money; but the draper is not satisfied only with selling cheap, the goods he displays in his window must look very cheap, and, as 5½d. looks less than 6d., and 1s. 11½d. less than 2s., ad infinitum, he marks his goods in this manner.

Manufacturers of the various articles drapers sell, knowing that the draper must have leading lines, make stuff specially to sell at taking prices.

The draper says, "I must have a good line of dress material to sell at 1s. per yard; something that will beat my neighbours, and be the cheapest thing in the town." He scour the market, and perhaps makes arrangements with a manufacturer, by buying a large quantity of material, to charge him a specially low price, that price may be 10½d. per yard, and this he tickets in his window at 1s. 0½d.—thus the farthing, and thus the necessity for the manufacturers to endeavour to get out special lines to sell at popular prices at which the draper sells.

I am afraid my statement is a somewhat rambling one, but what I want to try to point out to you is this, that the manufacturer endeavours to give the best value he can, and consequently quotes his prices in farthings, or even one eighths of a penny, and the draper, in marking his goods, wants to get a fair trading profit, and, in order to do so, has to mark his goods in the manner which you have noted, and which has become popular.

Mr. F. R. BISHOP

(Head of the big drapery and dressmaking firm of that name of Praed Street, London, W.).

RESPECTING the odd three-farthings charged by drapers, 1s. 11½d. undoubtedly looks cheaper than 2s. per yard on goods ticketed in the windows.

Messrs. T. LLOYD & Co., Ltd.

(Of Oxford Street and Orchard Street, London).

THE secret of the odd three-farthings lies in the keen business instincts of the average woman.

If we marked up sprays of flowers or similar articles in the window at 2s. each instead of 1s. 11½d., any lady who wanted two or three of them would go down the street to the nearest place where they were sold at the latter price, so as to save the ha'pence. 1s. 11½d. in the window undoubtedly looks cheaper than 2s.

But it is only with the smaller goods that the three-farthing system is used. You never see such a ticket on anything over five shillings in value. After five shillings the odd three-farthings becomes a halfpenny until 10s. is reached, when "broken" prices no longer rule.

Until women cease to hunt for bargains I am afraid the "three-farthing" system will survive.

Mr. WILLIAM OWEN

(Of the big Westbourne Grove firm of drapers of that name; their business premises comprise thirty-nine shops).

THE only reason of which I am aware for the "three-farthing" method of marking goods, is that the prices are cut so very fine in the drapery trade that a farthing sometimes represents the whole of the profit.

Speaking of this house in particular, a farthing is seldom used in prices that exceed a shilling. It must at the same time be remembered that the English farthing does not admit of that refinement in pricing goods that is possible, say, under the decimal system that obtains with our neighbours, the French.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.



The Plotters

A Story of a Two-fold Deception.

By E. NEWTON BUNGEY.

PHREW! I was rather hot. As I walked along a certain road in Kensington, which shall be nameless, I raised my hat to cool my heated forehead.

Directly I had performed this act I became conscious that an exceedingly pretty girl was bowing to me. She came towards me with a smile on her face and her hand outstretched.

"Good-morning, Mr. Garford," she said. "I am glad to meet you. Mother was only saying the other day that she wondered whether we were ever going to see you again."

I took the proffered hand—it was exquisitely gloved, by the way, and I judged that the concealed member was as dainty as the rest of her figure. For the moment I could not reply. I had a good reason, inasmuch as my name is not Garford, but Allan Eversleigh. Furthermore, I had never met this charming girl before.

She did not seem to notice my hesitation, but began to prattle away gaily.

"Now, I'm not going to let you off," she said. "You must lunch with us to-day. You don't know our new address, of course, so I'll give you a card. It seems horribly formal, but it will save you the trouble of remembering."

As she spoke she handed me a visiting card, and I read, "Miss Molly Rainsworth, 4 Dauville Gardens, Kensington." I knew the address well, as I passed it nearly every morning of my life.

I rapidly thought over the situation. Miss Rainsworth was evidently confusing me with someone else. Ought I to explain the mistake? I decided that I ought to, that I should be morally correct in so doing.

But somehow I did not wish to be morally correct. By so doing I should lose sight of this charming girl, and I did not want to do that.

Could I carry off the affair safely by going on with it? What about Mrs. Rainsworth—would she make the same mistake as her daughter? What about the Garford person? Supposing he turned up—what an ass I should look!

All these thoughts and multitudinous others ran through my head in a few seconds. At the end of that moment a delirious feeling of bravado came over me, and on the impulse of the moment I accepted what Fate had brought me.

"You will come to lunch, won't you, Mr. Garford, and we can talk over those jolly days at Keswick?"

Keswick—I seized on the name as a drowning man clutches at a straw, or is supposed to. I knew Keswick as I knew Kensington. At any rate, I could build my castle of romance on a stable foundation.

"Thanks, very much," I replied. "I shall be delighted to come."

"That's right, mother will be so pleased to see you again. One o'clock, don't forget."

For a second time that slender hand reposed in my own, and then she was gone, and I was left wondering whether I was just a low-down specimen of the cad tribe for wilfully misleading that delightful girl, or whether I was the lucky recipient of a freak of fortune.

"Anyway, time will prove," I murmured aloud.

"Just gone eleven, sir," replied a policeman who heard the word "time."

I thanked the constable, I thanked him in profound terms, I felt so elated. His glance of suspicion was unkind, but I minded it not and wandered into Kensington Gardens to dream of Molly and to wonder what reception I should receive at 4 Dauville Gardens.

I walked slowly to my chambers thinking over the strange circumstances all the while. I took wonderful care over my toilet, my continued observations and suggestions absolutely astounded my man. Then I sallied forth.

As I drew near to Dauville Gardens a wretched, excited, nervous feeling crept over me. I began to tremble, my heart went down into my boots, and I turned and walked rapidly away. I could not face it—if I went there it would be just my luck to find the real Garford before me, with a constable and a private detective. No; I really could not face it.

"Allan, you're an ass!" I informed myself. "You'll never see her again if you don't turn back."

I insulted myself vigorously, but I did not turn. I was afraid to.

"Again, Mr. Garford?"

I looked up and there was Molly—radiant, pretty Molly.

"I was hurrying," she said. "I was afraid you might get in before me. But you're walking in the wrong direction."

"Yes—er—I was just—er—taking a little stroll," I said uneasily. "I did not think it—er—was quite so late," I added, gazing at my watch. I had not hitherto known what a perfect genius for prevarication I possessed.

"Come along, then," she said. "We'll go along together. Mother was delighted when I told her you were coming to lunch."

It was Kismet—there was no escaping it. I must go through with it now, until—ugh! I shuddered at the prospects of exposure.

I walked along by Molly's side. She prattled away gaily on all sorts of subjects. I was content to listen.

ing from the house like a beaten cur. Ugh!

"Here we are!" said Molly.

Should I run? It was my last chance. I gazed around in despair. Should I run?

"There's mother at the window!"

My anxious gaze sought the window, and there I saw a smiling face surmounted by dark hair and a lace cap. That settled my doubts. Even if she found me out, the owner of that face would be sure to see the humour of the situation. I would not run.

"Here is Mr. Garford at last, mother!" cried Molly, as we stood inside the hall of the little house.

"Really, I don't know whether I ought to shake hands with you, Mr. Garford," said Mrs. Rainsworth, "after the shameful manner in which you have treated us. Why, it is nearly a year ago since we met at Keswick, and you haven't been near us since."

Ye gods! What was I to say? I smiled, I hoped it was a natural smile, it seemed a guilty one to me.

"I know I've been awfully remiss," I replied, "but I've been away a good deal—that was the truth, by the way—and I've been awfully busy—that was not the truth—so, what with one thing and the other, I've been tied, and many of my friends have doubtless placed me in their bad books."

Now, I thought that was really an exceptionally fine effort. It was delivered on the spur of the moment, with a smile, in quite an easy manner. If one of these days I was forced to work for a living, I now decided that there was a career on the stage before me.

"Well, well, I suppose I must be tolerant," remarked Mrs. Rainsworth. She was really a most charming lady—a widow, Molly had made me aware of that fact. She will not remain a widow long, I decided. At any rate, if she does, it will not be for lack of offers.

Matters were progressing most easily. Suspicion seemed as far from the minds of my two companions as my remarks à la Garford were from the exact truth.

How the two ladies recalled the events of that holiday in the Lake District! How I laughed over my "awakened memories!" I don't think I ever enjoyed a meal so much in all my life. I sat opposite Molly, and had considerable opportunity for watching her pretty face.

"Now, remember, Mr. Garford," Mrs. Rainsworth said as I was taking my leave. "Dinner at half-past seven to-morrow."

"I say," I cried, suddenly emboldened, "make it seven, and then we'll all go to the Opera afterwards."

"How jolly! Say yes, mother," Molly cried; and mother did.

That little outing was the first of many. I often spent the evening at 4 Dauville Gardens, and very often entertained the two ladies to dinner at my favourite restaurant, and then we would go to the theatre afterwards. Still more often did I meet Molly in Kensington Gardens.

Oh, the bliss, the charm of those walks. I think I loved Molly directly I saw her. How often, though, when I was with her, a sharp spasm of fear would make me catch my breath and tremble. How long would my deception last? Sooner or later the real Garford would turn up, then what was to become of me. Also, before I could ever speak a word of love to Molly, I must confess; I must show myself to her in my true colours as a hypocrite who had deliberately misled her.

What would she say to me then? I shuddered at the thought of her scorn. I could hear her cold, cutting words bidding me begone.

Wild thoughts of seeking out Garford and killing him surged through my brain when I was in the depths of despair. But when I grew calm again I resolved to let matters run on as they were.

One evening, after I had known the Rainsworths nearly two months, Molly and I were seated chatting after dinner. Mrs. Rainsworth had said something about writing a letter, and, much as I liked her, I was very anxious for her to attend to her correspondence.

For a few moments neither of us had spoken. Then I suddenly saw a curious expression cross Molly's face.

"How much longer are we going to keep this up?" she asked.

A gasp of horror left my lips. "K—keep what up?" I inquired.

"It must come to an end," Molly went on. "Don't you think so, Mr. Eversleigh?"

I felt as though my chair was sinking with me. The electric lights performed peculiar pirouettes. I blinked vigorously, and clutched nervously at each side of the seat of my chair. In fact, I could do a lot of things except think and speak.

"I've got a confession to make," said Molly, her pretty face very serious now. "I must tell you of a foolish girl's trick. Often and often I have seen you passing this house, and I resolved to go to know you. Another girl dared me. The first morning we met I started out with the idea of getting to know you. I was going to drop my parasol and then feel faint when you returned it to me, or some other absurd method. Then I changed my mind."

Loneliness

because of the heat, my chance came, and I'm afraid I took it.

"My friend saw us talking, and that was all I wanted. I had done what she had dared me to do. Garford was the first name that occurred to me. I thought you would deny the name, and I was thunderstruck when you fell into the situation so glibly. But afterwards a still stronger spirit of mischief seized me, and I resolved to carry the joke still further. So I asked you to lunch, and you came in the boldest manner possible."

"The day afterwards I found out who you really were, and since then," Molly concluded, "I have been waiting for the end of the game. I believe you would have gone on as Garford for ever."

"Great Scott! Was ever a man in such a position? I listened to Molly's explanation in a dreamy, apathetic manner. I understood her, certainly; but I was numbed, I was absolutely knocked over by the vigorous awakening. "B—but your mother?" I stammered.

"Oh, mother was a party to it all," Molly replied with a ringing laugh.

That laugh saved the situation. It drove the cobweb from my brain and cleared my vision. I saw the pretty, laughing face before me, but I saw no anger or offended dignity there. I started to my feet, rested my hands on the table, and gazed into the depths of her glorious eyes.

"Molly," I said, "I don't think your mother is a serious enough guardian for you. I think she had better give you into my care."

I crossed round the table and stood beside her. She gazed up shyly at me.

"Do you want a ward, then?" she whispered.

"No, a wife," I replied; and then I did what I had often longed to do, and found it far more sweet than I had ever anticipated.

"What will mother say?" I asked later on.

"We'll see, Allan," Molly replied, her eyes brimming with laughter. She went to the stairs.

"Mother," she cried, "come down. The villain is unmasked."

Presently, through the doorway came a good-looking girl of about twenty-five or twenty-six years of age. She advanced towards me with a demure smile, blushing considerably. Her face seemed familiar, but I could not quite recall her.

"My friend, Miss Allison," said Molly. "This is Mr. Allan Eversleigh."

Miss Allison and I shook hands. For a second or two she gazed at me demurely, and then a wild peal of laughter left her lips.

"Please, I'm mother!" she cried.

"What?" I nearly shouted the word.

"Behold the arch-conspirator, Allan," said Molly. "I was the poor tool. She is was who egged me on. She it was who suggested playing propriety as mother. She is to blame for everything. We were two bachelor girls living alone in this little house, ripe for mischief, adoring Bohemianism. Nora is to blame for it all."

"On the contrary," I remarked, "Nora is much to be blessed."

ELECTIONS WON BY FLUKES.

The small majority of eight, by which the Wolverhampton election was won the other day, does not by any means constitute a record in narrowness.

Indeed, dead-heats in electoral contests are by no means unknown, although in such cases either the one candidate or the other is usually elected, the Ballot Act conferring upon the returning officer the right to give a casting vote.

Occasionally, however, it happens otherwise. Thus, in the Cirencester election of 1893, which was won by a majority of two only, a scrutiny revealed the presence of a couple of spoilt voting-papers amongst the winning candidate's pile. There was then no alternative but to declare the contest void, which was accordingly done, and the battle had to be fought all over again.

In the Appleby election of 1906, the Liberal candidate scraped in by a majority of five votes. Shortly afterwards he received from a constituent a letter requesting the favour of a loan, on the ground that he was "one of the five."

After the close of the poll in the notorious "spend-thrift election" at Northampton, in which great heat was displayed, it was declared that the Tory candidate was in by one vote. A scrutiny was at once demanded. It lasted for six weeks, during the whole of which period sixty covers were daily spread at Spencer House, St. James's, for those concerned in the case.

It was finally found that the number of votes was equal, and the election was referred to chance, and decided by the toss of a coin.

Most remarkable case of all was that of the Knaresborough election of 1863, when all three candidates polled an equal number of votes, an absolutely unique occurrence in English Parliamentary history.

"WHAT are you doing with that sheet of paper, Orville?" sharply asked his wife.

"I am making a wish," answered Mr. Meekum.

"A wish?"

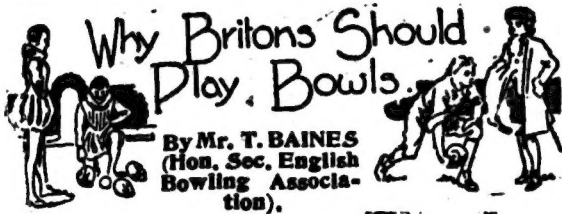
"That's so. In your presence I shall not presume to call it a will."

BARBERS AND HAIRDRESSERS.

who would like to win substantial prizes should send a postcard to the Editor of

PEARSON'S WEEKLY

At morning, night, or sunlit noon, you're bound to like the ROYAL for June.



Why Britons Should Play Bowls.

By Mr. T. BAINES
(Hon. Sec. English Bowling Association).

[There has been lately a great revival in the ancient pastime of bowling, and a team formed by the English Bowling Association will go to Australia and New Zealand. Included in this team will be Sir Thomas Brooke-Hitching, a fellow patron with Lord Rosebery and Lord Jersey of the association. In those countries ladies are very keen on the game, and it is hoped that there will be lady players amongst our own team. A team of twenty-five Canadian bowlers will also visit this country in July, and will tour through the British Isles.]

BRITONS should play bowls because it is the only pastime (I am speaking of the level-green game) which is entirely free from professionalism, which is played by all alike for the pure love of it, and in which such good-fellowship exists between the players.

It is one of the oldest British pastimes, and its history is full of interesting associations. The game can boast of possessing what is undoubtedly the oldest sporting club in the world—that of the Southampton Bowling Club—upon whose green the game has been played continuously since the year 1299—a link from Edward I. to Edward VII. Many years ago there was a green at each end of the Mall, Buckingham Palace occupying the site of one, the Spring Gardens the other.

The King himself loyally supports the game, and is a good hand at it, and still enjoys it.

Bowls would have been included in the Olympic Games at Shepherd's Bush this year if questions of space had not intervened.

Health resorts are now recognising the attractions of bowls as both a healthful and enjoyable game, and this is notably so in the case of Bournemouth, where, on payment of a small fee per game, everybody may revel on the rinks without any need of purchasing bowls or needing to carry them to and from the green. Hastings, too, is this summer offering an attraction in the shape of a bowling tournament.

THE CRADLE OF THE GAME.

The Japanese have for some time recognised the advisability of affording their public means for bowling, and have greens laid down in the open spaces of Kobe and Yokohama; the officials at Kowloon have allowed a bowling green to be made there, and there are two greens in the British quarter at Shanghai.

In South Africa the game affords an extraordinary instance of its following the flag—a green being under play on what was the site, two years before, of the witch dances of Matabele.

The game in our outposts of Empire has just received further impetus by the laying down of a green for the Duke of Connaught in the grounds of the palace at Malta—a fact intensified through the Duke's grandfather, the Duke of Kent, being a pioneer of the pastime in British North America.

London was the cradle of bowls. "This," Casiter Jamanson says in his historical sketch of the game, produced in the year book of the English Bowling Association, "may seem well-nigh incredible to those bowlers who can remember that, in the mid-Victorian period, bowling greens in the metropolis were, like angels' visits, few and far between." Nevertheless, the statement is a literal fact, for an old chronicler expressly mentions the pastime as one of the summer exercises indulged in by the youth of London in the twelfth century.

Moreover, in ancient manuscripts in the Royal Library at Windsor and the Bodleian at Oxford, there are some quaint drawings representing men, chiefly monks, actually playing the game.

CROWN V. LEVEL.

Most of the old British greens were not level, but were made about four inches higher in the centre, and were called "crown greens." The bowlers did not play in rinks as they do now, but bowled in all directions all over the green.

The level or Scottish greens are now considered the best, and are becoming generally adopted throughout England, although in Lancashire, and in some places in the Midlands, crown greens are still in use. In my opinion, however, when the aims and objects of the English Bowling Association are better known, and the scientific possibilities of the level green game are better understood, the crown greens will gradually give place, although the betting and gate money will be difficult to extinguish.

The game has maintained its popularity, in spite of many extraordinary vicissitudes. In Tudor times a strenuous effort was made to treat bowls as a game solely and exclusively reserved for the nobility and the wealthy. An Act of Parliament passed at that time forbade all, save the well-to-do, from maintaining any place for bowling; artisans, labourers, and servants could only play at Christmas, and then only in their master's presence.

Persons, who enjoyed a landed estate of the value of

at least £100 per annum, might be licensed to keep a green for their private use, but anyone playing bowls outside of his own garden or orchard was liable to a fine of 6s. 8d.

It is singular that this Act was not repealed until 1845, till which date, therefore, strictly considered, bowls was a pastime which, in the eye of the law, the masses might not practise save under pains and penalties.

It is to the Scots that we owe the modern salvation of bowls. They gave it laws, they taught us what greens were really like, and how to lay and keep them, and encouraging the making of municipal greens, they fostered the game's most valuable, social feature, its democratic spirit.

On the public parks' penny-a-game principle, Edinburgh and Glasgow show extraordinary results, nearly 300,000 players having registered upon the municipal grounds of the two cities last season.

In conclusion, I may say that bowls has often been described as an old man's game. I do not agree. My advice is—begin bowling young, continue bowling, and you will never grow old.

Thos. Baines

Tom: "It was a case of love at first sight with me."
Jack: "Then why didn't you marry her?"
Tom: "I saw her again on several occasions."



Black Coats versus Corduroys

By G. B. BURGIN.



THOUGH it was a very nice black coat—the first I had ever been permitted to wear—the policeman seemed to be annoyed when I ran into him, because I was trying to screw my neck round to judge of the fit at the back. He said things which I will not sully these fair pages by repeating, and wound up by telling me to go home to the farm and put on my corduroys. "You'll be more at 'ome in 'em," he added unkindly.

He was not a nice policeman, but it seemed to me, when thinking over the incident in later years, that there was a certain amount of truth in what he said. At the time, however, the effect of his remark was to strain relations between us, and when a cricket ball chanced to knock off his helmet at the match, he always suspected that I knew all about it. I told him that I was not obliged to incriminate myself, and he said he'd "get me yet."

Still, if you think of it calmly and dispassionately, like other great men, the policeman was nearer the truth than he knew. It is wise for us to wear corduroys, in spite of the fact that the whole tendency of modern life is to do away with them; in other words, to pretend to be what we are not. Now, metaphorically speaking, corduroys, although useful and warmth-providing, are not beautiful. They are made of some material which seems to resent coming into the world at all, and smells unpleasantly like decayed cheese.

I ENVY THE BRITISH WORKMAN.

My first childish impression of corduroys was gained from noticing the very shiny back view of an ancient retainer called "Mister Green" (he grew very angry indeed if you called him plain Green) as he went round the garden sowing seeds, and my pet jackdaw followed a few yards behind and industriously pulled up all the labels.

You and I know very well that, if it were not for appearances, how quickly corduroys would gain the day. We dare not allow ourselves to be comfortable because of the dear neighbours; they dare not be comfortable because of us; and so we shall go on to the crack of doom.

I envy the British workman, because he can wear corduroys, even when his work is done. But authors and City clerks and tradespeople must always be in harness for fear of what their employers may think. When I first began to write, I never went to see an editor without putting on a collar. If I had done so, he would have taken me for an anarchist, and have refused to have any dealings with me.

But now I can sit in the garden in flannels, and the great man comes to me, and does not even notice that my costume is; to say the least of it, decidedly unconventional. "Wish I could do it," he says sorrowfully; "but I black coat all would think is going down." The one man I knew who made

Our

QUITE SIMPLE.

AN English girl visiting Paris was invited to lunch by an old friend of her mother's, a French lady of fashion, who was noted for her wit.

On returning to her hotel, a friend said to her: "I suppose you had a most enjoyable time. How did you get on for conversation?" "Oh," was the complacent reply, "she understood what she said, and I understood what I said."

MRS. KNEVE rang the bell for the servant. "Norah," she said, "I'll feed the canary myself after this. The doctor says I must take more exercise."

THE PARK ORATOR: "Oh, ye flinty-hearted scoffers! Is there nothing that will touch your worldly hearts? What can I do to move you?"

The Voice from the Crowd: "Pass the 'at round, guv'nor."

THE SIGN SAID, "LETTER BOX."

A COUNTRYMAN had come to town for a day's outing, and whilst walking by one of our main streets, he happened to look down and saw a crowd collected outside the General Post Office.

Naturally curious, he went to see what was the matter, when, to his surprise, he saw two women fighting.

A policeman, coming up at the time, asked him why he didn't stop them, and the rustic innocently made the reply, "I was just going to, but I saw that notice up."

the cult of the black coat is not doing as well as his friends expected. He was to be married, and stated his determination to appear at the altar in tweeds. In vain we all told him that, if he did so, we would take back our wedding presents. He said he was sick of black coats, and meant to get married in his own way.

Then we "got at" the bride, and she told him that if he did not appear at the altar in a black coat and light trousers there would be no wedding. That settled it. He appeared at the altar in a black coat and light trousers; but he was wearing a tweed suit underneath, and, while he was in the vestry, in some mysterious way he managed to shed his outer husk and came forth, to the strains of the Wedding March, with a very pretty, but angry, bride, and clad in a suit of comfortable old tweed. He had kept his word in the letter, but not in the spirit.

Even now, people speak of him sorrowfully. "Isn't there something against him?" they ask. "Don't quite remember what it was, but there was something. Oh, we know."

Then the story comes out.

AWAY WITH THE FROCK COAT.

We have become so "civilised" (Huckleberry Finn's spelling, not mine) that our lives are made completely miserable by the black coat. What I want to see one day is a statue in honour of the City clerk who wears this badge of slavery uncomplainingly, week in, week out, until he dies. Some City clerks, I am told, sleep in their frock-coats (the old ones), because habit with them is second nature. But have you ever thought that there is more heroism in this daily struggle to keep up appearances, this attempt to bring up a large family on small means, than in facing the cannon's mouth?

Most of us can be a little heroic for five minutes; but the man who goes on day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, in this heroic, yet hopeless, struggle—a struggle only ended by death—a struggle in which he must lose—is really great.

I was once invited to a "pow-wow" on an Indian Reservation. The chief next to me looked very fine in paint and feathers and a loose, but brilliant, blanket.

"English, aren't you?" he said presently. "Think they'll ever succeed in widening Fleet Street?"

Then, he explained that he had been in "the City," but had fled from the tyranny of the black coat while still young, married an Indian girl, and was a prosperous farmer.

"You don't catch me going back again," he said. "I can eat as much as I like here. No more lurching on a glass of milk and a penny bun. When you go back, you just tell the other fellows to take off their black coats and come right along here."

At that moment, I thought that he was going a little too far; but I heard, yesterday of a City clerk who objected to his son (a great, strapping lad of eighteen) going to farm in Canada (the boy was getting twelve and six a week in the City, with the prospect of "half-a-crown annual rise"), and I then agreed with my feathered warrior.

This black coat business is a crime against Nature if it prevents a growing boy from getting enough to eat. As Sydney Smith said, when the local bigwigs met to consider the question of wood pavement, "Put your heads together, gentlemen, and the thing's done."

Let us put our heads together, and do away with this false fetish of the black coat.

Picked Pars.

Are You There?

An enterprising Norwegian fisherman has fitted up a telephone apparatus on his boat which enables him to hear the fish approaching, and even make a guess at their number!

Lucky Dog!

Mrs. Wade, a leader of Boston Society, engaged six doctors to perform an operation on her favourite dog, which was threatened with blindness. During the operation, she had two trained nurses in attendance.

Not Cricket.

In sentencing a peasant named Hojosh for a theft from the parish priest, the magistrate of Neograd, Hungary, reproved him for his meanness in stealing from a person who, he knew, could not steal from him in return.

He Did Though.

A convict at Portland left the gang he was working with in the West Quarry, and climbed to the top of a crane. From this eminence he whistled, "We won't go home till morning." In two hours' time he tired of his adventure, came down, and was at once handcuffed and taken back to he prison.

We are Seven.

Out of a jury of eight summoned at Bow County Court to try an action the other day, no fewer than seven answered to the name of Smith.

His Last Meal.

A man named Hostoff entered a restaurant in Kieff, and after a hearty meal called the waiter, and telling him he was penniless, shot himself through the heart.

Girls that go Bang.

A school rifle club movement has been commenced in the Isle of Wight, and girls are not debarred from membership. In fact, in one or two schools girls are quite as interested in their shooting as the boys. At Ryde they are most enthusiastic.

In the Name of the Law.

A mayor in Paris finished a marriage ceremony recently with the words "You are united." The wedding party had just left when he remembered that he had omitted part of the formula, and that consequently the marriage was invalid. He promptly opened the window, and shouted after them: "I say, you know it is in the name of the law that you are united."

A Few Items of Fact that will Interest You.

Too Sharp.

A peasant named Bewart at Aiseau (Belgium) has been sentenced to prison for sticking needles into the fruit on his pear tree to prevent the neighbour's children from stealing them.

Good Luck to Her.

Marie Spiridonova, the young Russian revolutionist who was so abominably tortured in prison, and whose case excited so much sympathy throughout the civilised world, has made her escape from Siberia.

Where Francis Frolicked.

The Mayor of Plymouth opened a bowling-green the other day on the spot where Sir Francis Drake and his companions were playing when they were told of the approach of the Spanish Armada. Bowls used in the historic game were played with.

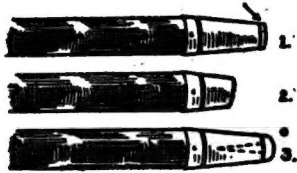
Tetrazzini up a Tree.

Two Philadelphia inventors have perfected a device for repeating talking-machine records by telephone. At a demonstration given on an estate, Caruso's voice came from a receiver hidden in a shrub, and Tetrazzini's trills from the top of a tall pine.

Picture Pars.

HOBNAILS TO THE RESCUE.

THE small steel plate at the end of the ferrule on an umbrella or a walking-stick will soon wear down into the state shown in figure 2. Unless it is at once attended to and a new ferrule substituted, the appearance of the stick will be spoiled, and the stick itself probably injured. If, however, as soon as the plate wears off, a good hobnail is driven in, as in figure 3, it will look just as well as a new ferrule and wear better. When it is worn down it can be replaced by a fresh one. A pennyworth of hobnails will save 5s. worth of ferrules.



HIDING FROM THE BIRDS.

OCCASIONALLY in the country, hedges may be seen like the one shown in the illustration. They have been allowed to grow in this way in order to provide cover for sportsmen who are shooting at driven birds. When the latter are approaching a fence, they will swerve or rise high in the air if they see a line of heads showing over the top. By concealing themselves behind these taller portions the shooting party are able to get in their shots before the birds have discovered their presence.



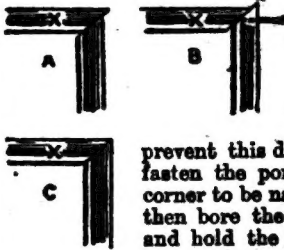
CLEARING THE WAY.

WHEN the house drains become stopped up, the expert gentleman called in to tackle the situation, brings with him a bundle of cane rods. They are each about a yard and a half long, with brass ferrules and a screw at one end, and a socket to receive it at the other. One length is different from the rest, as it has a small wheel at the end. This is known as the pioneer, and is inserted first into the drain. The other lengths are screwed on as the rod is slowly pushed forward until it measures some fifty feet. The advance wheel allows the rod to pass easily, and when it has been worked backwards and forwards a few times the drain is generally pretty clean.



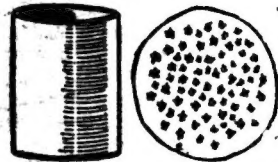
TIP FOR PICTURE-FRAMERS.

THE critical moment for the amateur picture-framer is when he proceeds to nail together the corners. He generally holds the two pieces in the correct position, drives in a nail, and finds the result as shown in figure A. To prevent this distressing climax, he should fasten the portion X in a vice, with the corner to be nailed to his right. He should then bore the nail-hole, apply the glue, and hold the joint as shown at B. The hammering of the nail will force the corner down to its correct position.



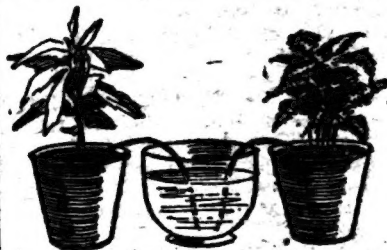
HANDY AS EVER.

A NUTMEG-GRATER does not form part of the equipment issued to Jack Tar by a careful Government, so if he finds himself in need of such a luxury he is compelled to construct it for himself. This he does with the aid of an empty milk-can, or rather with the aid of the lid. He detaches this from the can, and then punches a number of small holes in it. These are naturally rough on the under-side, which thus forms an excellent grater.



ALWAYS DAMP.

HOLIDAYS are very pleasant incidents in life but they have their disadvantages. Should one possess plants, there is always the difficulty of keeping them watered. This may be overcome in the manner shown in the accompanying picture. Stand a vessel of water near the plants, and then beg, borrow, or otherwise procure some pieces of thick wool. Place one end of each of these in the water and the other in the flower pot. The wool will absorb the water, which will drip slowly on to the plants.



Personal Pars.

The Ameer and the Telescope.

THE Ameer of Afghanistan is at heart a born soldier and most of his time is spent in studying military affairs. On one occasion a gentleman showed him a telescope—the first he had ever seen—and, directing it towards the moon, invited the Ameer to look through it. The Afghan ruler did as he was bid, but without evincing any interest. "Hang the moon!" he said turning to his astonished companion. "What is the good of the moon to me?" Then, pointing to the telescope, he asked: "Can't you make a gun of it?"

With a Stroke of the Pen.

A good story is told concerning the Dowager Empress Marie of Russia, who recently visited her sister, Queen Alexandra. The Empress was one day alone in the late Czar's private study, when she saw, lying on his desk, a paper he had recently signed condemning a convict to Siberia. The document read: "Pardon impossible; to be sent to Siberia." Hastily snatching up a pen, her Majesty altered the punctuation so that the order ran: "Pardon. Impossible to be sent to Siberia." When the Czar returned and saw what she had done he was furious, but at the earnest pleading of the Empress he allowed the alteration to remain.

Madame Albani's Youthful Admirer.

ONCE when Madame Albani, the famous singer, was appearing at a northern seaside town, a ragged, unwashed little boy approached the box-office and holding out a sixpence in a grimy hand demanded admission. "You can't come in here," said the attendant; "you've got such a dirty face." "I've saved up this sixpence, and I want to hear Madame Albani," replied the little fellow, stoutly. But his appeal was in vain, and he despondently turned away. A few minutes later, however, he came back again with his face quite clean and shining. "Hullo!" exclaimed the box-office keeper, "where did you wash your face?" "I went down on the beach and washed it in the sea," was the answer. "Now I can go in, can't I?" The attendant was so amused that he spoke to the manager, with the result that the boy was given a free seat and a copy of the programme.

The Reason Why.

M. SANTOS DUMONT, the famous aeronaut, was once called as a witness in a case concerning a disputed will, and during his cross-examination he was much bullied by a very conceited young lawyer. "Now tell me," said the latter speaking of the deceased testator, "was not Mr. X—in the habit of talking to himself when alone?" "I'm sure I don't know," replied Santos Dumont. "You don't know? And yet you have told the court that you were an intimate friend of his. Why don't you know?" "Because," replied the aeronaut, amid roars of laughter, "I was never with him when he was alone." After that the lawyer sat down.

How Balfour Scored.

MR. BALFOUR is an ardent motorist, and his habit of exceeding the speed limit occasionally leads to his being hailed by a vigilant policeman. Some time ago he was out driving his own car, and with him was a friend who was Recorder of a certain city in the Midlands. They were travelling at a furious rate, when suddenly a constable appeared in the middle of the road and signalled them to stop. Mr. Balfour brought the car to a standstill, and the bobby accused him of exceeding the limit. The ex-Prime Minister protested, but it was all in vain. "Look at your indicator," said the man in blue, "and you'll see I am right." "I'm sorry," said Mr. Balfour apologetically, "I haven't an indicator; but," with emphasis, "I've got a Recorder." As the policeman did not know what that might be, and fearing to show his own ignorance, he apologised and withdrew, and Mr. Balfour and the Recorder drove on chuckling.

Lord Cromer and the Bacon.

WHEN Lord Cromer was plain Mr. Evelyn Baring, he was engaged as a private secretary to his cousin Lord Northbrooke, then Viceroy of India. On one occasion a magnificent vice-regal banquet was being given to a great Mohammedan Prince, at which Mr. Baring was present. Now it is well known that the surest way to offend a Mohammedan is to offer him anything in the shape of pork; and to the astonishment of some of the guests, the savoury smell of fried ham suddenly pervaded the apartment.

A Few Facts About Well-known People.

Looking hastily up, Mr. Baring beheld a waiter carrying a dish of quails decorated with small strips of bacon. Without a moment's hesitation, the future maker of Egypt jumped from his seat, and, to the consternation of everyone, bundled the astonished waiter unceremoniously out of the room. Although this behaviour caused some sensation, the situation was saved, for the odour of the bacon had not reached the nostrils of the august guest.

"The Puddin's Froze!"

LORD ROSEBERRY, who is noted for his wonderful tact, was once giving a dinner to a number of the tenants on his estate. Seated next to him at the table was an old farmer who was much impressed by the elegance of the various dishes. When it came to the ice, and one of these delicacies was placed before him, the old fellow—never having eaten an ice before—took such a huge mouthful that he nearly cried out with the cold. Turning to Lord Rosebery he said: "Why, my lord, the puddin's froze!" His lordship was highly amused at the consternation of his guest, but with the utmost gravity he tasted a little from his own plate, and lifting his eyebrows in feigned surprise, replied: "By Jove, so it is!"

Emperor as Gipsy.

THE aged Emperor of Austria is one of the simplest of men and seldom misses an opportunity of mixing with his subjects on the friendliest of terms. A few years ago he had a novel experience while out on a shooting expedition. He had wandered a long way from the rest of the party, when he suddenly discovered that he had lost his way. After walking about for some time, he fell in with a band of Hungarian gipsies, who were quite unaware of his identity. The Emperor was tired out, and was only too glad to share a meal with his new acquaintances. The gipsies were a strolling musicians and were going to perform at a neighbouring village. Entering thoroughly into the enjoyment of the thing, the Emperor offered to accompany them, and even went so far as to play a tune on a violin himself. The chief gipsy was so pleased with his Majesty's performance that he presented him with a small coin for his services.

"BLURRED LIGHTS"—No. XX.



AN HISTORIC FAMILY.

THE noble house of Bedford, from which the Russells spring, has produced many distinguished men, and not a few of them have been pursued by misfortune and tragedy.

It was the first Duke's third son, Lord William Russell who was executed for his alleged connection with a plot to assassinate King Charles II., though there was no evidence to support the charge.

Lord John Russell, one of the most eminent statesmen of modern times, was the third son of the sixth Duke of Bedford. At the early age of twenty-one, he was elected member of Parliament for Tavistock; that was in 1813. He was mainly responsible for the Reform Act of 1832. His name is written indelibly on the pages of history, and literature can also claim him as one of its brilliant lights. He is the author of the "Life of Lord William Russell," a "History of the English Government," "The Tragedy of Don Carlos," "Lives of Moore and Fox," and other works. He died at Richmond on May 28th, 1878, at the ripe age of eighty-six.

The subject of this article was his great-uncle, Lord William Russell, who was done to death in such a barbarous way by the hand of an assassin in 1840. At that time he was occupying No. 13, Norfolk Street, Park Lane, a fatal number according to some folk. He was seventy-three years of age, and for a long time had lived a very quiet life, finding his chief pleasure in his books.

He enjoyed fairly good health, but was not able to walk much, owing to some weakness of the legs. He had no family, and his household consisted of a cook, a housemaid, named Sarah Mansell, and a Swiss valet, Francis Benjamin Courvoisier. These three persons lived in the house.

In the mews close by, his coachman and groom resided. His lordship was in the habit of taking daily carriage exercise. With the exception of Courvoisier, his servants had been in his service a long time, and were much attached to him. Courvoisier had only been a member of the household for five weeks. He was a native of Switzerland, but had filled other situations in London, and had excellent testimonials.

The house was not a large one; it consisted of a basement, in which were situated the kitchen, scullery, pantries, and so on, with an area in the front and rear. On the ground floor were the hall, dining-room, and a small breakfast-room. On the first floor, a front drawing-room and a back drawing-room. Over that floor were a bedroom, a spare room, seldom used, and a bathroom. On the third floor were three bedrooms. At the top of the house were a front room, occupied by the cook and housemaid, and a back room, in which the valet slept. Between these two rooms was a thin wall of lath and plaster only.

WAS IT BURGLARY?

On May 5th, 1840, his lordship had been driven out, and made two or three calls. He returned home in the evening and dined alone about eight o'clock. At nine o'clock he retired to the back drawing-room, where he sat reading until eleven, when he went to his bedroom on the second floor, his valet helping him to undress.

Soon afterwards, Sarah Mansell went round the house to see that all the doors were properly fastened, then the lights were extinguished, and the servants were soon in bed.

About seven o'clock the following morning, Sarah went downstairs, as it was her duty to light the fires, and, on her way down, she knocked, as was her custom, at the valet's door, as a signal that it was time for him to get up.

She proceeded first of all to the back drawing-room to open the shutters and draw up the blinds. She found a writing-desk, at which his lordship usually wrote, out of place and the floor littered with papers. She was somewhat surprised, although she knew that her master was not very tidy, but he did not, as a rule, scatter his papers about the floor in that manner. She was still more surprised to find a large screwdriver, which she recognised as one that was usually kept in a drawer in the kitchen, lying on the window-sill. That little incident struck her as being remarkable, though she did not attach any sinister importance to it. The valet would, no doubt, be able to explain the matter, she thought.

Having opened the window, and left the papers lying as she found them, Sarah went to the dining-

This was suggestive of burglary, and of burglars surprised, beating a hasty retreat without carrying off their booty.

She ran into the dining-room, opened the shutters, and surveyed the apartment. Here cupboards and drawers were open, and the floor was strewn with plate. There could no longer be any doubt about robbery, and it seemed obvious that the robbers had had a fright and decamped, unless they were waiting concealed below, ready to spring on her and murder her as soon as she entered the kitchen.

Instead of going to the kitchen, her fears now prompted her to rush upstairs and alarm the cook. That done, she hammered on the thin wall which separated the valet's bedroom from hers, and then she went to his door, knocked loudly, and called him. In a few moments he opened the door and stood before her. He was fully dressed, with the exception of his coat. That was lying on the bed.

THE CRIME DISCOVERED.

"Whatever is the matter?" he asked in seeming surprise.

"Matter! Why, there have been thieves in the house. Didn't you hear anything in the night?"

"No, I slept too soundly," he answered.

"My goodness, it's awful!" exclaimed the girl.

"Why, the wonder is we haven't all been murdered. Everything is ransacked. Come down at once, we must raise an alarm." Courvoisier followed her downstairs, and expressed amazement at the disorder. The girl next suggested that they should awaken the master, and together they went to his lordship's door.

Sarah knocked, gently at first, and waited. There was no response. She knocked again, still no response. Again she knocked, this time louder, several raps, but no answer was returned. She tried the handle. The door was not locked, and she peeped in.

The room was in darkness. She told Courvoisier to go in and draw up the blinds, while she herself went to the bedside to arouse her master, and as the blinds were drawn and the light streamed in she uttered a shriek that pealed through the house, for a sight of horror met her gaze—her old and beloved master was lying on his back, his face contorted, his hands clenched, and his throat gashed from ear to ear. The windpipe was protruding, and the bedclothes were literally saturated with blood. It was a gruesome spectacle, and would have shocked stronger nerves than Sarah possessed.

No wonder that the poor girl went into hysterics. She shrieked and shrieked again. She rushed down the stairs, unchained and unbolted the hall door, flew into Norfolk Street, still shrieking, and alarmed the neighbourhood with wild cries of "Murder, murder, murder!" a cry alarming enough in such a quiet and eminently respectable quarter.

In an East-end slum it would probably have caused no great stir, for in slummy regions such a cry is not uncommon. But in a genteel by-way of the West-end it was another thing. Windows were thrown up, heads thrust forth, and his lordship's coachman and groom came at the double from the mews.

SIFTING THE CLUES.

The shrieking girl, half-mad with fright, flinging her arms about, her hair disarranged, her face ghastly pale, gasped out, "Master—master—murdered!"

The new police force had just been established, replacing the antiquated watchmen with their lanterns and rattles. One of the policemen, a man named Baldwin, happened to be at the corner of the street, and he ran up to ascertain the cause of the disturbance.

"Lord William has been murdered, his lordship has been murdered," she cried. "For God's sake, do something!"

The policeman ordered someone to speed for a surgeon, then, followed by a crowd of servants who had streamed from the houses round about, he made his way to unlucky No. 13. They swarmed upstairs, swarmed into the bedroom, jostling each other to gaze on the ghastly sight of the old, grey-haired man weltering in his blood. Some turned away and struggled out faint and sick; others seemed glued to the spot, and stared, open-mouthed, fascinated with horror.

A surgeon arrived, hatless and hot-footed. In an instant he saw that the victim was beyond human aid. He had been dead some time. The policeman and

room floor, and there a new surprise awaited her. The passage was littered with papers, and what puzzled and even alarmed her now was the fact that amongst the litter were a cloak Lord William usually wore, his opera-glasses, and a jewel-box; and there was increasing alarm when she perceived a bundle, something tied up in a table napkin; a brief inspection revealed to her that the contents of the bundle consisted of the household plate—spoons, forks, cruets, etc.

made a minute examination of the room. There were no indications whatever that the old gentleman had fought for his life. Everything pointed to his having been done to death as he slept.

By this time the alarm had spread far and wide. Lord William Russell was well known, and the report that he had been murdered drew all the neighbourhood, as it seemed, to the house. Other policemen arrived, and they set to work to make a systematic investigation. They requested the valet to conduct them over the premises, but he seemed beside himself with grief, and the cook was moaning and weeping in the kitchen. Consequently, the policemen, headed by Baldwin, went through the rooms, noting everything.

When they came to the pantry, they found the door partly open, and there were signs that the door had been forced. There were marks of some iron instrument having been used. Marks on the edge of the door that corresponded with similar marks on the door-post. So far, then, that was the only indication of burglary.

It was a busy day for the police. A shrewd and intelligent inspector, named Tedman, took charge of the case. Of course, the coroner was notified, and an official report was speedily circulated throughout the Metropolis.

Tedman's investigations, which were greatly helped by Sarah Mansell, who, having recovered from the first shock of fright, was most desirous of bringing the murderer to justice, established the fact that several articles of value were missing. Sarah was well acquainted with her master's habits, and knew where he kept his things, and she was able to state that bank-notes, of five and ten pounds respectively, had been taken from a drawer where loose money was usually put, together with a very valuable gold watch, three or four valuable rings, while many silver spoons and forks were missing.

She had seen the money, the rings, and watch as recently as the previous day. And it was her duty to put the silver that had been in use during the day into the proper receptacle at night, before she went to bed.

Tedman at once suggested to the servants, the cook, Sarah, and Courvoisier, that they should allow their boxes to be searched. To this they readily consented. The boxes were turned out, but nothing found to attach suspicion to any one of the servants. Notwithstanding this failure to get a clue, Tedman came to the conclusion that one of the three was guilty, but he put the two women out of the radius of suspicion, which, therefore, fastened on the valet.

This intelligent officer had most carefully examined the back and front areas, but there wasn't a trace of anyone having got in that way. The front door gave no sign, nor did the windows. Consequently, his deductions led him to the definite conclusion that the thief and murderer must have been on the premises when the house was closed up on the night of the crime.

THEORIES OF THE PUBLIC.

That being so, it was Courvoisier or nobody. But the officer kept his suspicions to himself for the time being, and so convinced was he that the missing property would be found on the premises that, aided by some of his men, he began another critical examination of the house, and, on the plea that the valet's services would be invaluable, he insisted on his accompanying the search party. He didn't intend to let Courvoisier out of his sight, yet, as he himself said, it was difficult to imagine that this mild-eyed, smooth-faced youth could have been guilty of a crime of such horrible barbarity, a crime requiring nerve of no ordinary kind, and the callousness usually associated with wolfish and ferocious natures.

In a certain way Courvoisier was the type of the born valet—suave of tongue, quick, observant, and courteous. He seemed to be overwhelmed with grief, and every now and then sobbed out the exclamation, "Oh, my poor master, my poor master."

The murder of a nobleman in such an aristocratic neighbourhood as Park Lane caused a sensation that was widespread, and all London was more or less affected. Thousands of people, actuated by the usual morbid curiosity, swarmed into the district and jostled and elbowed each other to obtain a glimpse of the house to which grim tragedy had imparted such a fascinating interest.

The blinds were drawn at all the windows; the entrance was closely guarded by the police, and all who entered and came out preserved a mournful and mysterious silence. But the crowd surged to and fro, questioned and questioned in vain. Those who were in the know maintained an aggravating silence; those who didn't know sought to gain a little cheap notoriety by vague hints and wild theories; while anyone who had the courage to express an opinion instantly became the centre of a group of eager and interested listeners.

The house of mourning revealed nothing externally to those who stared and gaped at it, but inside grim work was going on. Inspector Tedman, like a well-bred sleuth-hound, would not be turned from the scent. Some of those who were associated with him quite believed that he was wasting time, and there was an openly-expressed opinion that the crime was not the work of one person only. A theory that found a good deal of support was that Courvoisier had merely been a tool, an accessory, not a principal.

New.

Those who held to this suggested that he had fallen under the evil influence of some desperadoes, whose object had been burglary; that he had admitted them after the household had retired, and had pointed out the places where the valuables were to be found.

Entering the chamber of the master, with a view to snapping up unconsidered trifles, his lordship had suddenly awakened, and one of the ruffians, alarmed at being detected, had promptly cut the old gentleman's throat. Then, fearful of the consequences of the crime of blood, the wretches had decamped without their booty, save what they had been able to stuff into their pockets.

£450 REWARD.

As Courvoisier had given them admission, so he facilitated their egress, and, being in a highly nervous state and greatly agitated at the unexpected development, he had bolted and barred the door after them, instead of leaving it partly open. Had he done that, it is almost safe to say he would have escaped suspicion.

The foregoing theory was certainly plausible; it found widespread credence, but it didn't affect Inspector Tedman. His theory was quite different, and he had the courage of his opinions. To use a popular phrase, he turned the house upside down. Still the anxiously-desired clue was not forthcoming, and the first day's work proved a blank.

Tedman would have liked to place Courvoisier under arrest there and then, but it did not seem desirable at that stage. He left two of his men in the house for the night. The death chamber was locked and sealed, and the men in charge were instructed by their inspector not to allow the servants to go out, and under no circumstances to allow any unauthorised person to come in.

It was a sorrowful and dreadful time for the two women, both of whom were much attached to the master, who had been so foully done to death; and though the valet had only been a member of the household for five weeks, he seemed not a whit less affected than the older servants.

When the new day dawned, it was made known, by means of handbills and newspaper advertisements, that a reward of £450 would be paid to anyone (not the actual murderer) who would give information that would lead to the conviction of the criminal. That did not seem as if the authorities shared Tedman's views. Indeed, it made it obvious that the opinion was that somebody outside of the little household circle had guilty knowledge, which might be purchased. Four hundred and fifty pounds was a golden bait that would lure somebody to divulge secrets and enable justice to have her due.

THE VALET ARRESTED.

Nothing daunted, however, the indefatigable inspector worked on lines of his own; and, while others were spreading a net in barren waters, he was trying for a capture nearer home. It occurred to him that the drains might yield a clue, and, at his command, in came a gang of labourers, and up came the drains, but they were drawn blank. But so persistent was he that it seemed as if he were bent on pulling the house down piecemeal, and he next set to work on the skirting boards, beginning in the pantry, when suddenly there was a revelation, and if Tedman did not exclaim Eureka! he ought to have done so, for behind the wainscoting, with which the pantry was lined, there were a purse, several rings, and gold coins.

The purse and rings were at once identified as the property of Lord William Russell; a few minutes later, from behind a board under the pantry sink, were brought forth a five-pound note and a Waterloo medal.

Courvoisier was not present in the pantry when this haul was made, but the things were at once taken to the dining-room, spread out on the table, and he was called in and questioned. He was told that the various articles had been found secreted in the pantry, and he was taxed with knowing how they came to be there.

For some moments he seemed confused, dumfounded; then he drew himself up, and declared solemnly that he knew nothing at all about them, and though he had seen the rings in his master's possession, he had never set eyes on the medal in his life until that moment.

He protested his innocence, and said it was a dreadful thing for an innocent young man as he was to be suspected of such a hideous crime.

In spite of the protest, Tedman arrested him, and continued the search for the other missing articles; but though every likely spot was examined, the silver plate was not forthcoming. The inspector, however, was now quite sure that he had struck the right trail, and that Courvoisier was the murderer.

That evening the valet was lodged in gaol, still protesting that he was guiltless, and declaring that it was an outrage to suspect him, loyal and faithful servant as he was.

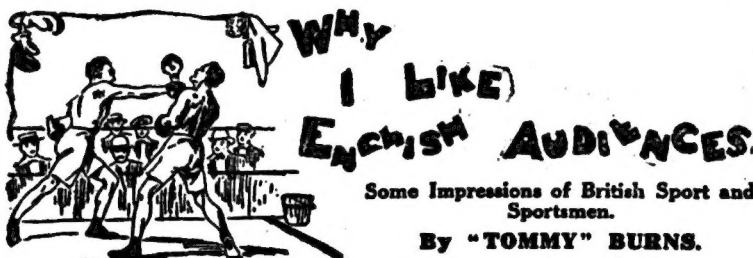
(To be concluded next week.)

VISITOR: "What brought you to this place, my friend?"

Convict: "Sneezing."

Visitor: "Sneezing?"

Convict: "Yis, sir; it awoke the gentleman up, an' he nabbed me."



By "TOMMY" BURNS.

[In this article "Tommy" Burns, the heavy-weight champion of the world, who has met and defeated both Gunner Moir, the champion boxer of England, and Roche, the champion of Ireland, gives his impressions of audiences in England and of British sport and sportsmen generally. Burns, who is only twenty-seven years of age, has won no fewer than fifty-seven boxing contests, and in the opinion of sporting experts is never likely to taste defeat.]

WHEN first I made my bow to a British sporting audience at the National Sporting Club on the occasion of my match for the championship of the world with Gunner Moir, the English heavy-weight champion, a certain incident occurred which caused some unfavourable comment owing to a misapprehension of the facts of the case.

A trifling misunderstanding had taken place, but unfortunately this was seized upon so vigorously that, when finally the story of my first boxing match in England reached America, it was so distorted and twisted about that an utterly absurd narrative of events was printed, which, in the main, I need scarcely say, was absolutely, entirely, hopelessly untrue.

In fact, I almost began to think that I was being used as a tool whereby ill-feeling might be stirred up between England and America. Now, however, since I have had an opportunity of knowing English sportsmen better, I guess I have learnt that if by any mischance trouble ever should break out between the two countries, it would not be through the fault of any British sportsman.

BRITISH SPORTSMEN ARE "WHITE."

No, British sportsmen, as I know them, are "white," clear "white," men, and I never wish to box before a more straightforward, fair crowd than you Britishers, who, although, naturally, you would like to see your own man come out "top dog," nevertheless, possess such a generous spirit that you are ever ready to "hand out" genuine applause and congratulations to the stranger who happens to prove equal to lowering your man's colours. Sure, it must be that generous spirit and never-failing love of fair play which has landed England at the position she now holds among the world's greatest Powers.

But, stay, it seems to me kind of possible that some readers of *Pearson's Weekly* may have read in American papers the account of that unfortunate mistake which happened the first time I put the gloves on in this country. I guess, therefore, I'll just explain myself what actually did happen—then you will be able to judge for yourself whether I was right or wrong. That's fair enough, isn't it?

About the first item of news which came my way when I landed in England, an utter stranger to everyone over here and to all the customs of the country, was that there was a law which a man could fall back upon if he happened to lose a bet and did not want to pay it—in other words, that he could plead the Gaming Act. Now, in my match with Moir, I had my own money at stake, which, mind you, I have not earned by merely sitting down on a satin cushion, and whistling for it to come to me, and settle down at my bank—dollars I never earn without giving and receiving many a hard blow—so, obviously, I did not want to risk it for nothing.

In consequence, it was suggested that if both of our side-bets were deposited with someone in authority and were handed to the referee before Moir and I faced each other in the centre of the ring, no trouble could arise. Naturally, I willingly agreed to this proposition, and equally naturally, I think, when I entered the ring, I inquired whether this arrangement had been carried out.

There you have the whole facts of the case in a nutshell, and no misapprehension at all would have occurred had not certain excitable people conceived the idea that I was getting anxious about the purse. Was I anxious? I guess not, for the manner in which the leading sporting club of this country invariably treats visitors from all parts of the world is well known in every corner of the globe, from Tooting Common to Timbuctoo.

AMERICAN ATHLETES ARE SUPERIOR.

However, for some reason or other, that trifling mistake, or, rather, misunderstanding, has been magnified into something of almost international importance, which is most unjust to British sportsmen who have been clear "white" to me from the first moment of my arrival in England, and until time, or some other invincible opponent, "puts me out," I shall always re- kindness and behaviour of before whom I

member the sporting audiences have appeared

Serial

in Great Britain with feelings of intense gratitude.

In other countries, unfortunately, from time to time one hears of strangers being treated with scant courtesy and not too much justice, but I have never yet heard a word against the integrity of an English referee. And it seems to me that a reputation of that sort is something to be proud, very proud, of!

All the same, I would wish that when I claim superiority for the American boxer, and for the American athlete generally, I could justly be accused of merely being too proud of my own countrymen. But such, unfortunately, is not the case, and I do claim superiority with every justification. However, that superiority is not one of men so much as of method and circumstances, for, on the other side, we go to work in sport exactly in the same way as when it is a matter of business and making money.

SOMETHING ABOUT GUNNER MOIR.

Thus, whether a man is a professional or amateur, it makes no difference. He is just "out" to do his best, and on that account he devotes all his time to perfecting himself at the particular sport in which he proposes to become proficient, no matter whether it be boxing, base-ball, lacrosse, or running. And he pegs away at that sport, and that sport only, until he is as good at it as he can possibly make himself.

Again, on the other side, if an athlete is desirous of demonstrating his skill, he never has any lack of opportunity to do so. In my own case, for example, although I am not yet twenty-seven years old, I have contested over fifty battles since the year 1900, which, roughly, works out at an average of something like eight a year.

But what English heavy-weight boxer, nowadays, ever gets anything like so great a chance for practice? I guess it would puzzle you to name one, for even your champion, Gunner Moir, has only engaged in four battles in the last two years. Such a record is all against a man, as sparring practice with inferior opponents does, I think, more harm than good, in that, by giving exhibition bouts, to put up a show worth seeing, a good man is forced to fight down to the level of his opponent, which, obviously, is not sound business.

By the way, I would like to say that Moir is just the pluckiest, gamest fighter that I've ever stood up against in my whole career. When I met him recently, he took his punishment like a real "good 'un," and I don't mind telling you that he didn't forget to give some, either. You English should be proud indeed of such real grit. Hats off to your champion—and better luck next time.

I will not here go into minute details to prove my contention of the superiority of the American athlete, for anyone who takes the trouble can look up the statistics, and thereby see that I am not merely making the bald-headed eagle scream. I have every confidence, too, that at the next international Olympic sports, our American boys will come off "on top" in everything except the distance events, which, I fancy, will fall to Britain.

Still, as I have said, this superiority is one chiefly of circumstances, which, no doubt, will soon be overcome. And when England does take down America's number in track, field, and ring, I hope, and think, that American sportsmen on the other side will prove themselves as "white" and just as you Britishers have invariably been over here.

Anyway, whether we win or you win, of one thing I am perfectly certain, and that is that, when an American lover of sport meets an English sportsman, the first thing he always does is to extend a friendly right hand, and say, "Shake, guess I'm proud to meet you—put your paw here, if it weighs a ton."

Tommy Burns

ORRIBLE TRAGEDY.

SIR GORGIVUS MIDAS: "Hullo! Where's all the rest of yer gone to?"

Head Footman: "If you please, Sir Gorgivus, as it was past two o'clock, and we didn't know for certain whether you was coming back here, or going to sleep in the City, the hother footmen thought they might go to bed—"

Sir Gorgivus: "Thought they might go to bed, did they? A pretty state of things, indeed! So that if I'd happened to brought home a friend, there'd 'a only been you four to let us hin, hay!"

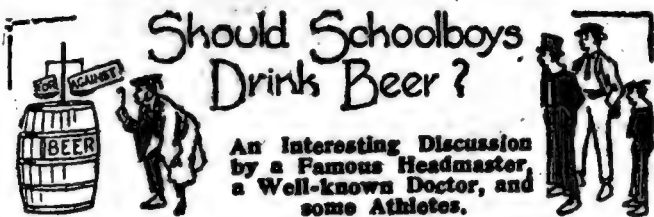
BINKS (who ordered a pancake half-an-hour previously): "Er—I—say, will that pancake be long?"

Waitress: "No, sir; it'll be round."

Then he waited patiently another half-hour.

JUDGE (to old offender): "Have you anything to say?"

"Only this, my lord. It comforts me to know that one wise man on the bench can undo much of the mischief wrought by twelve idiots in the jury box." The minimum sentence was passed by his lordship.



Should Schoolboys Drink Beer?

An Interesting Discussion by a Famous Headmaster, a Well-known Doctor, and some Athletes.

[Recently a hot correspondence took place in a daily paper round the question whether schoolboys should drink beer—as they are permitted to do at meal-times at most of our public schools. Many and various are the opinions that have been expressed, but few, if any, carried the weight of authority. Here, however, are the views of celebrities eminently qualified to speak on this matter, which is of considerable interest not only to parents, but to boys themselves.]

Mr. W. E. MACLAGAN.

(For many years one of the greatest Rugby three-quarters—half-backs they were then—Scotland ever produced).

I'm afraid my opinion on the above subject is quite valueless, as I was never at a boarding school and have no boys of my own.

All my life I have wondered if it was good for myself, and still occasionally experiment without coming to a decided opinion.

Captain ALFRED HUTTON.

(Our greatest swordsman).

WHEN I was a boy—which was a good long time ago—we always had light beer—"swipes"—at dinner, one glass, if I recollect right, and the same with bread and cheese for supper at about 9 p.m. I was supposed to be rather delicate at that time, and I was ordered by the doctor to have a half bottle of Allsopp administered to me at dinner instead of the milder brew, and apparently I thrive well on it—considering what there is of me now.

Beer is, I believe, a good bloodmaker and an excellent thing for young people, but not so good for the old ones.

I think that most boys would be all the better if they were allowed a glass of light beer with their meals, but certainly not strong ale. This latter should only be given under medical advice. Perhaps it might not be advisable for very small boys, but I was eleven when I first went to that school, and had my beer all the time, and I believe it did me good.

Mr. S. M. J. WOODS.

(The famous Somerset cricketer, and a very fine all-round athlete and sportsman).

To my way of thinking, beer is the best drink in the world that I have so far come across, and I hope to be able to drink it until I die.

I think if boys start on beer and stick to it through life and eschew spirits, they will be better men at the age of fifty than 95 per cent. of total abstainers so-called.

Lieutenant-Colonel W. EDGEWORTH-JOHNSTONE (3rd Royal Irish Regiment).

(A splendid all-round athlete, and probably the finest heavy-weight boxer the Army has ever produced. Colonel Edgeworth-Johnstone was twice amateur heavy-weight champion of England, and also twice amateur sabre champion).

I AM opposed to boys being given beer at school. There are a number of boys, as well as men, with whom beer does not agree at all—a man would soon find this out and stop it, but a boy would not. It is an acquired taste, and I think the later in life it is acquired the better.

It might possibly lead to some boys becoming fond of drink, and I can see no benefit on the other side to counterbalance this possibility.

Nothing would persuade me that school beer is beneficial to a young boy's health, and, if not, why put him in the way of acquiring a taste which may harm him and can't do him any good?

W. Edgeworth-Johnstone, Esq.

Dr. JOSIAH OLDFIELD.

(The well-known physician and advocate of Fruitarian diet).

I AM a great believer in the right use of good beer. What growing boys need is plenty of nerve and muscle foods, and these are best obtained from the cereals during the winter.

Barley is one of the best of these cereals, and when

it is malted its essential constituents are presented in a very assimilable form.

Beer, when properly made, is barley malt tea, and thus it is one of the best of nutritious drinks. It should not, however, be fermented, but should be drunk in the form of fresh, sweet wort—with or without the addition of hops.

As to ordinary alcoholic ale, I consider it to be very unwise to give it to young boys. Like flesh meat, it is too stimulating, and, while men may need stimulating when they get past forty, certainly growing boys need feeding and not stimulating.

No alcoholic ale and no flesh meat is my advice to schoolmasters in charge of boys, but plenty of "sweet wort," cereals, fruit, vegetables, butter, eggs, and cheese.

Joseph Wood

Dr. JOSEPH WOOD.

(The famous headmaster of Harrow says boys are better without beer).

LONG experience has convinced me that boys are better, healthier, stronger, more able to do work, either physical or mental, without beer than with it.

STRANGE, INDEED.

THE other day an ingenuous-looking person called with the message to the housewife that her husband had sent him for his dress suit, which was to be pressed and redone by the tailor.

"Dear me," said the housewife, "he said nothing to me about it. Did he look quite well?"

"Yes, mum, he was in good health and spirits."

"And he seemed quite as if he knew what he was about?"

"He did that, mum."

"And did he look as if he were quite content with things about him?"

"He was all that, mum."

"Well," said the lady, "it seems strange that he should only think of that dress suit now, because it's ten years since he's dead and buried, and I've often wondered how he's been getting on."

MRS. GADDIE: "My husband's so alipahod. His buttons are for ever coming off."

Mrs. Goode (severely): "Perhaps they are not sewn on properly."

Mrs. Gaddie: "That's just it. He's awfully careless about his sewing."

"I CANNOT imagine why you refused such a splendid offer," remarked a disappointed mother.

"But he always dresses so shabbily," said the daughter.

"Well, that's merely eccentricity."

"Yes, I know. But he would probably expect me to be just as eccentric!"

A RECORD IN VENDETTAS.

NO more murderous family feud is recorded in history than that which has soaked with blood the fertile soil of Breathitt County, Kentucky, and to which public attention has just been recalled by a fresh series of assassinations.

All sorts of romantic stories have been current during the last week or two regarding the origin of this extraordinary vendetta, the most commonly accepted being that it began for love of a woman. As a matter of fact, the cause was a far more prosaic one. A family named Hargis coveted a farm belonging to a family named Cardwell, and eventually obtained possession of it.

Immediately the latter declared a war of extermination against the former. The Hargises took up arms to defend themselves. Friends and relations joined in, and the feud spread, until practically the entire adult male population of Breathitt County was involved.

All the original parties to the dispute were killed off very early in the vendetta, but this did not end it. On the contrary, it accentuated it, for each assassination, according to the unwritten law of the Kentucky mountaineers, called for other assassinations to avenge it.

Terror stalked the district. Men went to and from business carrying their babies in their arms, or surrounded by bodyguards of their womenfolk, hoping thus to secure immunity. But the Kentuckians are splendid shots, and many of those marked for destruction met their deaths, notwithstanding these precautions; lurking sharpshooters picking off the victims with unerring accuracy.

That such deeds can be done in broad daylight in a civilized community in this twentieth century, seems all but incredible. Yet there are the facts, and there is no gainsaying them. More than one hundred murders have been attempted, and many have already been consummated. The end is not yet.

Story

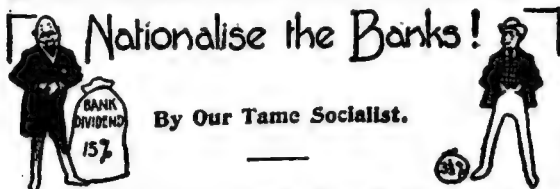
AN IMPORTANT PERSONAL MATTER.

Many stout people are exceedingly "touchy" on the subject of their obesity. A suggestion that they are "too fat" they consider offensive, even when a remedy is specified. To recommend the Antipon treatment, however, is to do them an obvious kindness; for it is in every respect perfect—reliable, simple, pleasant and entirely harmless. Moreover, it is reinvigorating as well as rebeautifying. Antipon, a tartish wine-red liquid, containing nothing but pure and innocent herbal substances, is an admirable tonic, with an especially beneficial action on the whole alimentary tract. It gives one a good appetite and strengthens the digestive powers. There is no question of depriving the system of wholesome food. The old-fashioned methods of reducing weight do that; and most of them prescribe mineral drugs, thus still further weakening and racking the system. The Antipon treatment follows the dictates of nature. It is a reconstructive as well as a weight-decreasing process. At the conclusion of the course, if the subject has consistently followed the few simple rules laid down, there will appear to have been a wonderful transformation both as regards health and beauty. No more languor or depression or physical distress. The subject will enjoy to the full the real pleasures of life, will move with ease and grace, and look and feel years younger. The reduction of weight starts with the very first doses, and within a day and a night there will be a decrease varying between 8oz. and 3lb. After that the diminution will be daily more apparent, and as soon as standard weight is recovered, with correct proportions, the doses may be discontinued. It will be discovered afterwards that Antipon has not only restored beauty and strength, but has overcome the aggravating tendency to grow fat. That is why the wonderful cures effected by the treatment are permanent. Our stout readers should go in for the Antipon treatment without more ado. They will be enduringly grateful. Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, etc., or, in case of difficulty, may be obtained (on remitting amount), carriage paid and privately packed, direct from The Antipon Company, 13 Olmar Street, London, S.E.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, PLATH, LINEN, and

entire Household Effects (high-class), new 15 months ago.—The Right Rev. Bishop Sefton, compelled to return to Germany, wishes to DISPOSE immediately of his entire HOUSEHOLD EFFECTS, privately and regardless of original cost; to effect a quick sale any item may be had separately; great chance for dealers and others. Entire contents of 23 magnificent rooms, also coachhouse, stable, and garden utensils. The following will suffice to show the exceptionally low prices to be accepted; Bed rooms: Full-size all-brass massive bedsteads, 21s.; elegant square-pillar ditto 55s.; handsome solid oak bedroom suites, complete with bevelled glass-door wardrobes, 23 15s.; solid walnut ditto, with side mirrors to dressing chest, 24 17s. 6d.; choice Sheraton and Chippendale design ditto, 26 17s. 6d.; and very large suites with 6ft. wide wardrobe, fitted drawers and sliding trays, solid walnut, 12s.; spring-stuffed box ottomans, 14s.; china toilet sets, 2s. each; in every case these are less than third of original cost. Dining-rooms: A handsome set of Jacobean design, richly carved, black oak, accept for the suite, 9s.; and a costly set of ditto in Cromwellian design, accept 16s.; exquisitely spring-upholstered and covered choice embossed Russian leather; also sideboard, bookcase, bureau, dinner wagon, and dining table, all to match; any item sold separately. Very finely carved grandfather clock, and Cromwellian chiming, 37s. 6d.; lot of curios, swords, guns, etc., superb Sheraton design inlaid dining-room set, 12s.; a costly Chippendale design dining-room, comprising elaborate 5ft. wide sideboard, with overmantel fitment; large extending dining table and suite, upholstered with embossed Russian leather, accept 27s. for the lot; also bookcase and pedestal writing table on suite; any item separated. Very handsome carved waxed oak morning-room set, comprising handsome suite, massive sideboard, with overmantel fitment to match, and extension table, with two leaves, 29 15s.; the lot; any article separated; walnut sideboard, with bevelled plate-glass back, 23 10s.; very handsome ditto, 5ft. wide, 24 15s.; adjustable table to match, 17s. 6d.; two walnut overmantels, 12s. 6d. and 25s.; handsome carved-frame dining-room suite, with large couch, nearly new, 23 17s. 6d.; a luxuriously spring-upholstered divan suite, covered uncommon Axminster saddlebag covering, 27 15s.; two large lounge Chesterfield settees, 47s. 6d. and 55s.; four large club divan lounge chairs, 27s. 6d. each. The drawing-rooms comprise some rich silk draperies and choice French gilt and other furniture, Vernis Martin panel cabinets and burl inlaid escritoires, tables, &c., luxuriously spring-upholstered Chesterfield suite covered rich French silk couil, 23 17s. 6d.; elegant design large cabinet to match, 25 10s.; and overmantel 42s.; dainty design centre table, 21s.; a very superbly inlaid marquetry set and silk-covered vis-à-vis French suite, 23 15s.; 4ft. wide cabinet to match, 55s., and mantel mirror, 27s. 6d., the lot 27 10s.; a very magnificent exhibition suite, designed by Monsieur Bergier, Paris, 22s.; worth trouble; fine piano by Strohmeier and Sons, 9s.; and another very magnificent instrument, by Stanley Brinsmead, 16s.; piano-player, 25s. quantity of music; Swiss lace and other curtains, 3s. 6d. pair; real Indian, Turkey, Axminster, Brussels, and other carpets, nearly new; no reasonable offer refused. Intending furniture buyers are advised not to decide anything definitely until seeing these goods. Can be inspected where now lying for convenience of sale, any day, nine till nine (Thursdays till 5 p.m.). Ask for Mr. Lewis.

50, PARK STREET, UPPER STREET, ISLINGTON, N. few minutes from Angel, Islington, and near Highbury Station (North London Railway). Easy of access from all parts of London. N.B.—Goods can remain stored free till required, or delivered free, town or country; fares paid. These goods are being sold privately, no auction sale being allowed on the premises.



Nationalise the Banks!

By Our Tame Socialist.

THE ribald may profess to find in this article internal evidence of disagreement between me and my bank manager. But, while the average Jack-in-office of the bank parlour is a brutal and disgusting tyrant to anyone guilty of the crime (in his avaricious eyes) of impecuniosity, I am not here so much concerned with the obnoxiousness of my own particular usurer, as with the iniquity of our banking system in general.

Socialists, of course, demand the nationalisation of everything, from railways to roast potato cans, and banks, therefore, are included in the red-tie programme. Yet, somehow or other, not nearly so much is heard of the nationalisation of banks as of the nationalisation of railways.

Railways, says Socialism, should belong to the State, because they are supported by the toil of the nation, and are necessary to the development and prosperity of the country. So, too, with banks.

We cannot do without banks, and the fundamental principle of any sound system of Socialism (such as mine) is that no private individual or group of individuals shall establish a monopoly in anything that the community cannot do without.

Not only is the principle of private ownership of banks indefensible in theory, but the way in which banking is at present conducted in practice provides a convincing argument for their nationalisation.

INVESTORS ARE PILLAGED.

Thrift is often but a polite term for miserliness, but let it be admitted for the sake of discussion that it is desirable that the nation should be thrifty.

Very well; few of us have the necessary knowledge and acumen to invest wisely and profitably in stocks and shares, and to employ a broker or solicitor to advise you costs money and time, so the average man who is saving entrusts his gains to a banker.

As he is doing something meritorious and for the good of the nation by saving, he ought to be rewarded. Instead he is pillaged. You take your money to a banker, and if you enter into a solemn covenant to leave it with him until the crack of doom, he will allow you perhaps $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

But now, when Mr. Banker comes to declare a dividend, what sort of figures will he show? Most likely the dividend will be 15 per cent. or more. You, the worker, whose money enabled the banker to make this usurious profit, don't get a penny of it—you get $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. less income tax, and very probably bank charges for keeping your account—i.e., taking your money and making a fortune with it. The industrious man's thrift is rewarded with $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., the capitalist's roguery with 15 per cent.

For it is roguery; 15 per cent. is not an out-of-the-way dividend for a big bank to pay. How is it made? The banker, almost with tears in his little puffy eyes, assures you that he cannot give you more than $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest on your money. Then he goes and makes 15 per cent. or more with it. How does he do it? It seems to me there are only two answers to this question. He makes his profit either by legitimate or by illegitimate, that is hazardous, speculation.

In the former case, if he can safely and honestly make 15 per cent. with your money, then the $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. he pays you out-Shylocks Shylock.

USURY IN ITS WORST FORM.

On the other hand, if he makes his profit by rash and dangerous speculation, then the interest he pays you is still iniquitous, for to the paltry return is added the risk of losing your money.

These big bank dividends are indefensible. They represent usury in its worst form. We howl with indignation when a Jew moneylender charges a client, who has no real security to give, 60 per cent. We make churchwardens and shining lights of the bankers who, when they make loans, charge, in view of the absolute security they require, metaphorically 1,000 per cent., who on the other hand, when you lend them money, pay you $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. or less.

At the time of the Baring crisis a firm of stock-brokers wanted a substantial sum of money, and asked their bank for terms. These were stated, but, hearing no more from the would-be borrowers, the bank sent round to know if they still wanted the money.

"Oh, no, thanks," was the reply, "we've got better terms from Sam Lewis."

The famous Cork Street moneylender was less of a "Jew" than the bank. That's banking. If a man is in difficulties, crush him, bleed him, drain him. If he is doing well, fawn upon him, but equally bleed him.

I claim that all banks should be nationalised on two grounds: (1) They are a necessity of business life, and no private individual should live upon the necessities of his fellow creatures. (2) As at present conducted, they discourage thrift, and the industry of the many poor is exploited still further to bulge the pockets of the rich few.

In the early part of my life I was part of a willow tree ten times as tall as your tallest men; some of my brothers were eighty feet high. No other wood will answer the purpose anything so well as that of the willow. The wood of this tree is used because it is so extremely tough and durable, and, at the same time, very light.

Even amongst willows there are great differences, and, let me tell you, that bats are not made from the trees you see growing by the water-side. There are about fifty-eight different kinds of these trees in the United Kingdom, but few of these are of much use in making bats. In fact, I may say there is only one, and that is the white willow.

This tree is by far the largest of its kind in this country, and it mainly grows in Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex, and with such great rapidity that a cutting may become a thirty-foot tree in ten years. The very best collection of willows is to be found at the seat of the Duke of Bedford, at Woburn.

The tree of which I formed part grew in a somewhat marshy meadow. Late in autumn, when the sap was out, the tree was cut down with a great saw, and the timber was conveyed to the workshops. There it was exposed in all weathers, in order to go through the seasoning process. Then a man came and chalked the trunk so that it might be sawn into logs of suitable lengths.

It is only the lowest portion of the tree which is used for making the best bats, the portion where the bole curves outwards at the roots, thus giving an outward curve at the bottom of the bat.

Then the logs were barked and cloven by wedges into quarters, which were then chopped into smaller portions. These portions were roughly shaped, and were then known as "clefts," and, as a cleft, I was left in a large shed, the sides of which were open, in company with thousands of other clefts. Here I stayed, exposed to the atmosphere, for a full year, so that I might be properly cured. This weathering process was somewhat trying, as I lost somewhere about half my weight.

One day I was taken into a workshop, where an expert took me in hand. First I was roughly fashioned in the shape of a bat blade, the workman cutting me without any reference to any pattern, simply by his eye. He did the work with a heavy two-handed knife,

From Willow to Wicket.

A Cricket Bat Tells how it was Made.



ripping off great shavings in the process. Deftly, he placed the proper curves exactly where needed, leaving me thickest towards the lower end, and shaping my back to a beautiful curve. After this I went through a number of arduous

processes; I was pressed, thumped, and whacked, without the slightest consideration; in fact, a roller was passed over me with a weight of a couple of tons. Then I was further beaten with a peculiar shaped hammer. My sides were next hammered, and a notch was made in me to take the cane handle; this notch was slightly rounded inside.

Now, that cane handle is not a solid piece of cane, as you might imagine; it is composed of a number of rattan canes, fastened together. This square handle was tapered at the end, so that it would exactly fit the notch in my body; a very special kind of glue was used, and, when the handle was driven home, it fitted with the greatest accuracy, leaving not the tiniest space.

The handle was stripped and shaved to a round shape by means of a spoke-shave. Next I was put into a lathe, so that the handle might be turned to the exact shape required. After this another skilful man took me in hand, carefully slicing off a little here and there, and improving my shape by various means; then I was carefully treated with various kinds of sand-paper, till I was perfectly smooth—a special bone instrument being used to bring this about.

Thus, I was a complete bat, but it was necessary to bind cord round the handle. The finest whipcord was used, which had previously been rubbed with cobbler's wax, in order that it might be kept from deterioration, and that it might stick well to the handle.

I was then given a bath of oil, which effectively closed all my pores, and thus preserved me from the effects of the atmosphere, besides which it vastly improved my appearance. I underwent another seasoning process, and more oiling, before I was considered ready for your hands.

You may consider 80s. a big price to pay for me, but I am really cheap, as I shall last for many years without ever needing repair, and I can stand any amount of hard knocks without springing; all I need from your hands is a little oil now and then.

SHOULD husbands wear wedding rings? is a question that is frequently debated in the correspondence columns of the Press, and undoubtedly the topic is an interesting and debatable one, though there would seem to be many good reasons why a married man should proclaim his estate to the world, and no particular reason why he shouldn't.

But, so far as I know, none has yet publicly advocated what appears to me to be an even more necessary social innovation, namely, that widows should bear some distinguishing mark of their forlorn condition.

Of course, in the early days of her widowhood, the poor woman, of whom I have no wish to make fun, does announce her sad lot to all and sundry. And for long after the weeds have been put aside, she will wear colours which, to the seeing feminine eye, speak as plain as words of her widowhood. But what does the average man, enraptured of "divinity," met at dance, dinner, "At Home," or hotel, reckon of the fact that the said "divinity" is a dream in mauve, or grey, or black and white? Nothing, sir, absolutely nothing.

He perceives her wedding ring, and concludes that she is a married woman with whom it will be quite safe to indulge in a little mild flirtation. Too late he learns that she is a widow, and a widow bent on marrying again. That, sir, is the class I sing. The fascinating widow who has forgotten or stifled her woes and is looking out for No. 2.

I need not dwell upon the "fatal charm" of the widow. "Beware of the widders," said Mr. Tony Weller, epitomising the accumulated wisdom of mankind in regard to love-affairs.

Suffice it to say that, if a widow of average attractions means to marry a man, his only chance is to drown himself or to start immediately for the North Pole. The former, however, is the only certain method of evasion.

But the whole point is that, as a rule, the victim has no chance of escape. He is ensnared, fatally ensnared, before he knows where he is. A couple of dances, a tête-à-tête in a "cozy corner," a short railway journey alone, and, if the widow knows her business—and which of them doesn't?—within a few weeks the once gay and careless bachelor is gasping at the altar.

And all because he had no warning in the first instance that she was a widow. If he had known, and if he were a sensible man, he would have fled from the dance, he would have made hay of the cozy corner,

Should Widows be Labelled?

By a Nervous Bachelor.



he would have buried himself out of the train window.

I do not plead only the cause of the marriageable man, be he bachelor or widower; every unmarried woman should support my crusade. What chance has

the maid against the widow? None, sir, absolutely none. The former must give the man warning that she is "unattached," the latter need not, and frequently does not until the victim is inextricably in the coils.

I submit, then, that in fairness to men, in fairness to unmarried women, widows should be distinctively and unmistakably labelled as such.

The next question is, what form should the label take? I do not think there should be much difficulty about this.

Savage races usually oblige their widows to proclaim themselves by slitting their noses, or pulling out all their teeth, or painting themselves green or Prussian blue, or in some way disfiguring their persons. I do not, of course, advocate such extreme measures as these, but, still, widows might be obliged to wear a small black patch over the left eyebrow, or on some other conspicuous spot.

Or, again, they might be required to wear a hat of distinctive shape. The former course, however, is open to the objection that patches are removable, the latter to the still more forcible restraint that, if the hat or headdress were unbecoming, no widow would wear it, while, if it were becoming, every woman would want to be seen in it.

But, surely, something could be done with the wedding ring or with a special ring. The former might be worn on another finger, or have a black pearl or black diamond let into it, or, better still, every widow should be compelled to wear on the little finger of her right hand a silver band. This would be readily distinguishable from other rings, and in its colour would prettily symbolise the wearer's widowed condition.

Something, too, should be done to make widows disclose at first sight the number of their progeny, but I have no space to go into this subsidiary reform.

None the less, something of the kind is urgently required. A short while since a young friend of mine married a widow, and on the return from the honeymoon he was rather surprised to be greeted by the children, of whose existence he had not previously heard—and, like the little girl in the poem, they "were seven."

If the average sentenced criminal were allowed to select his place of confinement, his choice would probably fall on the Clock Tower Prison at Westminster, as that is the very finest prison in Great Britain, and is able to supply comforts and luxuries quite unknown to the ordinary Bill Sikes.

But the law decides that members of Parliament only may be confined in that gaol, although rank outsiders could be committed to the Clock Tower for certain offences against the rules and regulations of Parliament.

The Clock Tower Prison, as it exists to-day, was erected in connection with the house occupied by the Sergeant-at-Arms. This official is in complete charge of any member committed to the Clock Tower, and a member cannot easily make his escape, because, in order to do so, he must pass through the house of the sergeant.

Very few members of Parliament are committed to the Clock Tower in these days. We have to go back many years to find a precedent, Mr. Charles Bradlaugh being the last member to occupy the cells at the Clock Tower, and he did not occupy them long. He was handed over to the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms on June 23rd, 1880, committed to the Tower, and released the next day.

Mr. Bradlaugh is the only M.P. who has been sent to the Clock Tower within the last fifty-six years. Indeed, he is the only M.P. who has ever occupied the existing cells.

There are two sets of cells in the Clock Tower, an upper and a lower, but both suites of cells are much the same. In each there is a sitting-room of very ample proportions, well carpeted and furnished, and replete with most of the things which go towards making one comfortable.

In each suite there are two bedrooms—one for the use of the imprisoned M.P., the other for the convenience of the gaoler in attendance, who must always be on the spot, in order to see that the legislator makes no attempt at escape.

Any member of Parliament sent to the Clock Tower by order of the Speaker would be required to pay for his own food, and, if he did not do so, he could be sued in court. Any legislator incarcerated in the Clock Tower would be allowed to rise of a morning just when he pleased, and he could retire to bed when the spirit moved him. He could read to his heart's content, and smoke as much as he liked—there being no

The Prison That's Always Empty

Parliament's House of Detention.



restrictions over such matters; his whole punishment would lie in being prevented from joining his fellows and mixing with them.

He would be taken out to exercise, but would always have two officials beside him to guard against any attempt at escape, and his exercise would be taken on the Terrace before the House sat for the day. Under no circumstances would he be allowed to hold converse with his fellow-men. One way or another, an imprisoned M.P. would not have a bad time of it, and he would not be kept in confinement for any lengthy period.

But, if the Clock Tower is not much used nowadays, the Tower—the prison of the House of Commons of a former day—was much in evidence. In olden times a passing remark, an observation obnoxious to the majority in the House, or, indeed, any trifle, was sufficient to send the culprit forthwith to the Tower, and not to the Tower only, for a member could be committed to Newgate.

Sometimes the reason for committing a member to the Tower was somewhat amusing, as witness the case of a member for Southampton, who once entered the House in a drunken condition, and, mistaking the Speaker for an owl sitting in an ivy bush, addressed him as such. Result—the Tower. However, the member was released next day, and severely reprimanded for his ridiculous behaviour.

The Tower was much made use of by the Long Parliament. In one day as many as eleven Presbyterian members of the House were committed to the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms and flung into the Tower. And, to show that members were not committed for errors in speech alone, one has only to mention the case of Captain Churchill, who, in 1689, was committed to the Tower for refusing to take merchant ships under the protection of his man-o'-war unless he received a gift of £200.

In those days they had to pay stiffly for the privilege of being sent to the Tower, as witness an extract from the diary of Lord Clarendon, written the day following his commitment to the Tower. He says: "Mr. Dod brought me a note of the fees, which come to £130, viz.: the governor, £100; gentleman porter, £20; gentleman gaoler, £10."

When a member offends in these days, and requires to be "named"—always a necessity before commitment—he is not sent to the Clock Tower, but is suspended from duty, and is not allowed to enter the House, for so long as the members decree.



The Life Story of the Mildew

An Article for All Ardent Gardeners.

So numerous and destructive are the pests that attack every form of life that it is very important to learn their nature with the view of overcoming their ravages.

Plants are amongst those forms of life which are liable to attack from many parasites, both animal and vegetable, and it is to the latter class that those minute forms known as the mildews and rusts belong.

Like all fungi, the mildews pass through two distinct stages every year, that is, their summer and their winter forms. The first of these is the stage during which they form spores or life germs, and the latter that in which the germs for the next season are stored, ready to emerge when the spring opens the vessel containing them.

When the mildew begins to attack a plant, if seen under a microscope, it is found to consist of a tiny spore, which, as soon as it settles, begins to germinate and to throw out a thread of root, which enters through the surface of the leaf for the purpose of feeding on the vital juices.

To overcome the root or peg, the plant tries to build round it a line of tissue to protect the cells containing chlorophyll; but as the mildew grows and extends its hold, it gradually overcomes this resistance.

MILDEW GERMS LOOKING FOR HOMES.

Having established itself upon the leaf, the germ forms thread-like lines, which lie along the surface of the leaf. These lines begin in turn to grow upwards in the form of tiny columns, which, in due time, grow into a chain of spores, each of which is capable of forming a new plant when detached at the segments from the parent stem.

Amongst these stems are to be found some thick spore-chains, which do not divide into segments, but form one stouter stem. These are the result of a parasite which feeds upon the mildew, and which in its turn enters the spores and throws out roots, gradually destroying that portion of the fungus.

The rest of the mildew continues to thrive, until the surface of the stricken leaf is covered with the filaments of the fungus, when upon the approach of winter, it enters upon its second stage.

The appearance of the mildew is now somewhat like a sea-anemone, in that the germs for next year are lying hidden in its centre, while all round the central body are found beautiful waving branchlets taking a great variety of forms in the different mildews. Here the germs rest for the winter, and at the approach of spring, their resting-place bursts open, and the spores fly in the breeze, until they find a suitable spot to germinate.

A most strange creature attacks the germs of mildew in the spring. In appearance it is a bright red, and resembles a minute centipede.

Mildews take many means to secure for themselves a winter home. That of the hazel, for example, so arranges matters, that on the approach of winter, when the winter form of the plant is assumed, it manages to secrete a certain amount of gum at the tips of the filaments.

HOW MILDEW IS SLAIN.

When the germs are about to emerge in the spring, this gum enables them to settle firmly upon any substance upon which they alight, and, if the conditions are favourable to their growth, they can retain their hold until they have secured themselves by means of their peg-like roots.

That of the cherry has yet another device, since it attacks the cells which should cause the leaves to fall in the autumn, and they then remain on the tree during the whole year. The result of this is that the mildew rests securely here during the winter, and is ready to fall in the spring upon the newly-developed leaves, and can then attack these at its leisure.

The results of mildews are disastrous to any plant or tree upon which they have obtained a firm hold.

By far the most to be feared of any mildew yet known is the American mildew which attacks gooseberries. In 1900 it made its appearance in a nursery in Ireland, upon some bushes imported from America. Since that year it has spread, until last year, it appeared in England, and, unless it is overcome at once, it will ruin our fruit bushes.

As regards all our native mildews, such as the one which causes young apples to grow side-ways and to split, or any other members of the family indigenous here, the best way to cope with them is to spray the trees twice, once just before the flowers appear, and once directly they have fallen; the spray used should be that known as Bordeaux mixture.

This is a preparation of copper sulphate and lime milk, used in equal proportions and mixed with water. The lime must be freshly burnt, as air-slaked lime is useless, and these should be poured together into a third vessel.

KEEN as is the struggle for life on dry land, it is nothing to the battle for existence which goes on below the surface of river, lake, or sea. Consequently, almost all fish are carnivorous, and most are cannibals.

Trout, for instance. There is no better bait for

a big trout than a small member of his own kind offered on a night line. Poaching is, of course, of the blackest, but necessary at times, for when a black, old, underhung cannibal takes up his abode in a pool not another fish has a chance, and, as the wily old beggar himself refuses to rise to a fly, there is no sport for the angler.

The trout, the most widely distributed of all our fresh-water fish, will take a larger variety of baits, both natural and artificial, than any other. The "gardener's fancy"—in other words, the worm—is a deadly bait when the water is coloured, or even when it is clear, if fished up stream. The Mayfly, woodfly, grasshopper, bluebottle, almost any beetle are all most killing baits at their proper seasons.

A little brownish beetle, known as the "fernweb," has been the means of securing baskets of three or four dozen fish on Dartmoor brooks in bright, June weather, and the common woolly bear caterpillar will sometimes tempt large fish.

Maggots or wasp grub are very killing, while for those rare, large trout which inhabit the Thames and similar slow-running streams bleak or dace worked on a spinning tackle are practically the only lure.

The lordly salmon may be tempted by a lugworm, or even by a boiled prawn. A spinning minnow, real or artificial, is a bait often used in large lakes or where the water is very deep and clear. As for the so-called "salmon flies," which resemble no insect that ever was created, their number and names are endless, every brilliant plumage, from the temperate zone to the tropics, is requisitioned for their construction. Duck, jay, ostrich, pheasant, macaw, bustard—there is hardly any bright-hued bird the feathers of which are not used in salmon fishing.

The most voracious of British fresh-water fish is the pike. There is probably no small fish which his pike-ship will not accept as bait. Dace, chub, roach, minnow, carp, all come alike to his capacious gullet. Even gold and silver fish are found to be excellent baits, although the pike can never have seen anything of their kind before. Young frogs are also



Cherries for Chub.

Some Queer Baits which Land Fish.

appreciated by *Esox lucius*, and almost any kind of spinning bait is likely to find favour and fill the creel.

It is curious how some fish seem to prefer bait which they can certainly never have seen before. The East-end angler finds nothing to beat stewed wheat as a hook bait

for the roseate roach; while for the same fish soaked bread and bran is employed as ground bait.

There is an Australian fish, a kind of sea bream, for which an even stranger compound is used as a lure. It is a mixture of tinned salmon and cheese, and is known as "berley." Chub, too, will take cheese paste. The latter are fish with very peculiar tastes. A slug turned inside out and tied upon a hook seems to hit the taste of the chub, while "brains" are also appreciated by this fish. In the cherry season a single ripe cherry set upon a hook is irresistible, though how the chub has come to understand the edible nature of this fruit is rather mysterious.

Some fish have different tastes in different localities. The sea bass, for instance, that gamest of British sea fishes. Off Hastings they use soft crab as a bait for bass, or else a piece of herring. Off Weymouth a strip of mackerel seems the most killing bait. On the Cornish coast half a pilchard will usually tempt the big bass which haunt the weed-covered reefs. In the Arun, above Arundel, bass are actually caught with roach or dace.

Numbers of artificial lures are used to tempt bass. These include sole skin flies and various spinners. But the best of all baits for the bass is undoubtedly the silver sand eel.

Any kind of spinning bait is useful for the American relation of our sea bass, the fresh-water black bass, and in little fished waters, such as some of the South Florida lakes, the bass are unsophisticated enough to swallow salt pork, or even a tag of red flannel.

The "silver king" or tarpon of the Florida coast demands mullet. A whole mullet weighing a couple of pounds is just a dainty morsel for this fighting giant among game fish.

There are very few kinds of shell-fish which cannot be used as bait. A large trade has grown up in mussels, of which almost every pier or boat fisher carries a supply. Next to shell-fish, ragworms form the most universally used bait for sea fish. For grey mullet you must have ragworms, just as for successful conger fishing you require squid.

And if your soul for beauty calls, gaze on the girls in "From the Stalls."

QUIPS AND JESTLETS.

CHECKMATE.

A MAN went into a hotel and left his umbrella in the stand, with a card bearing this inscription attached to it:

"This umbrella belongs to a man who can deal a blow of 250 pounds' weight. I will be back in ten minutes."

On returning to seek his property, he found in its place a card thus inscribed:

"This card was left by a man who can run twelve miles an hour. I shall not return."

THEY WOULDN'T HARMONISE.

"Mr dear, don't you intend to invite Mr. and Mrs. Green to your party?" asked Mr. Biller.

"Certainly not!"

"Why not, my dear? They are good friends of ours."

"What if they are? I am going to invite Mr. and Mrs. Brown."

"Well, can't you invite the Greens as well?"

"Why, John Biller, you shock me with your taste! Brown and Green in my drawing-room together! Why, next you'll be asking me to wear blue and yellow. I declare, you men have no idea whatever of harmony."

GILES (entering a sixteenth-floor office of a skyscraper perspiring and panting): "Well, them stairs must be several miles long!"

Occupant of Office: "Why didn't you come up in one of those elevators there?"

Giles: "Not much! I jes' see one of 'em full o' people fall down that hole there!"

HOW HE RAN HIM IN.

ONE night a policeman noticed a cyclist making several ineffective attempts to mount his machine.

Apparently taking pity on the man the constable went forward, held the cycle steady till the cyclist was safely seated, and then ran along the road behind him still holding the machine at the back.

"Thanks awfully," murmured the cyclist, "but I think I'll be able to manage now myself." "Don't mention it," retorted the constable, "I'm not doing this to oblige you. I'm running you towards the station for cycling without a light!"

AN Irish candidate for the police force was being asked a few questions prior to being enrolled.

"Now, what is the distance between York and London?"

"I don't know exactly, sir," he replied; "but if that's going to be my beat I don't think I'll join the force."

SIGNS OF MOVING.

A TEACHER in a slum school was calling over the names of his scholars in order to ascertain which of them were likely to leave shortly.

"Please, sir," said one urchin, "I think I shall leave soon."

"Why, Tommy?" asked the teacher.

"Well, sir," he said, "I think we're goin' to leave our 'ouse, 'cause mother's burned the coalhouse door an' sold the cubberd door, and farver's a choppin' down the stairs this mornin'. We allus leave after we've burned the stairs."

STING IN THE TAIL.

"HARRY, love," said Mrs. Knew to her husband when he entered his home a few evenings ago, "I've been dreadfully insulted."

"Insulted?" repeated Mr. Knew, indignantly. "By whom?"

"By your mother."

"My mother, Flora? Nonsense, dear. She's the kindest woman in the world. And how could she insult you? She isn't here; she's miles away."

"But, Harry, she did insult me," persisted Flora, "and it was done in a letter."

"Show it to me."

"I'll tell you about it. A letter came for you this morning, addressed in your mother's handwriting, and so, of course, I opened it."

"Of course," said Mr. Knew, drily.

"It was written to you all the way through, you understand?"

"Yes, I understand that, but where does the insult to you come in?"

"In the postscript. When I read along to that it said, 'Dear Flora, -Don't fail to give this letter to Harry; I want him to have it.' Now, tell me, wasn't that an insult?"

HE FOLLOWED THE WATER.

"COULD you do something for a poor old sailor?"

asked a wanderer at the rear door of a suburban house one morning recently.

"Poor old sailor!" echoed the housewife, who had opened the door.

"Yes, m. I followed the water for twenty years."

"Well," said the lady as she slammed the door in the face of her unwelcome visitor,

"all I've got to say is you certainly don't look as though you had ever caught it."

MISTRESS: "I don't want you to have so much company. You have more callers in a day than I have in a week."

Domestic: "Well, mum, perhaps if you'd try to be a little more agreeable, you'd have as many friends as I have."

PALS.

There are pals who will only be round you

While life is a fair-weather trip;

There are others, when trouble has found you,

Who will faithfully stick to the ship.

I've one pal, and the thought is my pride, sir,

That through sorrow and sunshine and tears,

He has faithfully stuck to my side, sir,

For eighteen long years.

When the winds of the winter are blowing

And the snowflakes are filling the air,

To a hearth that is cheerfully glowing

I pull up my easiest chair,

And I don't care the least for the weather,

Not a thought of discomfort it brings,

For I and my pal, sir, together

Are happy as kings.

And when summer once more has returned, sir,

And the skies are as blue as the sea;

In my leisure hours painfully earned, sir,

He will go out a walking with me.

Some glade in the woodland I choose me

'Neath the shade of the whispering trees,

And for hours he'll enthral and amuse me

While taking my ease.

He wears a cerise-coloured jacket,

He's chock full of wisdom and mirth,

Of good stories he's got quite a packet,

He's the cheeriest fellow on earth.

Though his name I insist on concealing

(For to pals one should always be true),

His initials I don't mind revealing,

Are P. W.

AN actor who recently was "taken" while on the stage by a cinematograph was greatly pleased with the result. Talking about it to a prominent dramatic critic, he said:

"It was the most extraordinary experience I ever went through—actually to see myself acting."

"Now," replied the critic, "you will understand what we have to put up with."

PRELIMINARIES.

THE farmer had the toothache, and to save a trip to town and a dentist's fee he asked his man Jake to pull out the aching tooth. Jake led him to the barn, seated him on a bench,



and took from the harness-room a pair of very large, rusty pincers. "Here goes," he said, and bracing himself extracted a huge tooth. The farmer clapped his hand to his jaw and pointed reproachfully to the large, white tooth in the pincers. "Why, Jake," he moaned, "that's the wrong one."

"I know," said Jake, bracing himself again: "but now I can get at the other handier."

FAVOURABLE CHANCE.

THE following is told concerning an old golf caddie who was called in, tried to comfort the wife, saying that while John was very weak, he was evidently ready for a better world. Unexpectedly, however, John rallied, and said to his wife:

"Jenny, my woman, I'll maybe be spared to ye yet."

"Na, na, John!" was the reply. "Ye're prepared and I'm resigned! Dee noo!"

SAFELY HOUSED.

A YANKEE and a Britisher were discussing business matters and business men, each contending hotly that his own race was easily superior in mental abilities.

"Waal," declared the Yankee, "I have come to London regularly for the last twenty years, and I have never once met what I should call a sharp man of business."

"Very likely," rejoined the Britisher, "we put what you'd call 'sharp' men in prison."

OLD BULLION (the millionaire): "What, you wish to marry my daughter? She is a mere school-girl yet."

Gussie Ardent: "Yes, sir, I came early to avoid the rush."

DUNKEL (to lawyer who is making out his will): "I vont to leaf each clerk five thousand pounds dot haf been in my employ twenty years."

Lawyer: "Why, that's too liberal, Mr. Dunkel."

Dunkel: "Ah, dot's it. None of tem haf been mit me ofer von year, und it makes a good free advertisement for my boys ven I'm dead, don'd it?"

THOUGHTFUL.

A GENTLEMAN returning home late one night down a lonely country road was suddenly attacked by a tramp, who, not satisfied with amassing his victim's watch and chain, turned his pockets out also, and took his money.

When the unfortunate gentleman staggered on to his feet again he beheld the tramp smiting at his discomfiture.

"Here's half-a-crown for yer gun'nor," he said:

"my mate's down the road, and if he meets you, and you sin't got no money on you, he might hurt you. Good night."

"WHAT caused the big explosion?"

"Riley was carryin' a case uv dynamite whin the whistle blew fer knockin' off wurruk."

TEACHER: "What kind of a bird did Noah send out of the ark?"

Small Boy: "A dove."

Teacher: "I'm surprised to find that the smallest boy in the class is the only one to know."

Big Boy: "Please, teacher, his father keeps a bird shop."

HE DID IT NOW!

A GOOD story is told of a certain well-known Birmingham lawyer. When he was a boy looking for something to do, he saw the notice, "Boy Wanted," hanging outside a shop in Birmingham. He took down the notice and entered the shop. The proprietor met him.

"What did you bring that in here for?" asked the shopkeeper.

"You won't need it any more," said the lad cheerfully. "I'm going to take the job."

HOW HE APOLOGISED.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT related that he was in a village church where the service was conducted by a coloured minister. During a forcible sermon on theft, the preacher said:

"I see before me twelve chicken-thieves, including William Sanders."

William Sanders was naturally incensed at this, and threatened the preacher with personal violence. The minister's friends persuaded him to promise that if the preacher would withdraw the accusation he would not harm him. They then went to the minister, who promised them that he would withdraw the accusation next Sunday.

Therefore, in the pulpit on the following Sunday, the minister said that a remark of his in his last sermon had been the cause of offence, and he would therefore amend it. "What I should have said was this: 'I see before me eleven chicken-thieves, not including William Sanders.'"



THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

Maggie Druce, a beautiful girl, who sells flowers in London streets.
 Alf Druce, her brother, a paper boy. Overcome with horror, he kills his mother, Ma Druce, when she is belabouring Maggie. He is arrested, convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to one year's imprisonment and two years in a reformatory.
 Jim Dempster, out-of-work brother-in-law of Maggie and Alf. Self-sacrificingly he accuses himself of participation in Alf's crime, and is sentenced to two years' imprisonment with hard labour.
 Jim Ferguson, an artist, who is painting a portrait of Maggie dancing to an organ. He shields the gutter children from the police, perjures himself at the trial, and, in consequence, has to undergo a year's imprisonment.
 The Hon. Miss Christine Bodeley had her portrait painted by Ferguson, and they fall in love with each other.
 Captain Bradley is a friend of Miss Bodeley's, and, through her, knows Ferguson and Maggie.

It has already been told how Maggie attained fame as a dancer, and how she looked forward to helping Ferguson on his release from prison. On his return he seems to be changed, and in her disappointment she leaves his studio in which she has been living.

CHAPTER FORTY-NINE.
Bradley to the Rescue.

MAGGIE drove straight to the Variety Theatre, and left her luggage in charge of the door-keeper whilst she started to look for rooms or a hotel.

Childlike and innocent, she knocked—but the door was not opened; she did not know the abhorrence and distrust with which women regard their own sex in cities. Hotels are built by men, and landladies are created for men, but there is nowhere for a virtuous woman to lay her head.

Gower Street was suspicious; Baker Street doubtful. Warily, and not quite understanding the reasons for her rejection, Maggie was making her way in the direction of Trafalgar Square, determined to seek peace, if bankruptcy, in one of the great hotels, when she ran into the arms of Capt. Bradley.

"You're the very woman I wanted to see," he cried cheerily. "Perhaps you can tell me where Ferguson is?"

"You'll probably find him at the studio to-night or to-morrow," she replied, "that's all I can tell you."

"Oh!" For a moment Bradley was nonplussed. He walked beside her. "Where are you going?"

The reply she gave him was unexpected; it was not polite or ladylike, but it was to the point.

Bradley stared at her amazed. "My dear child, what are you saying?"

She looked at him then with rather a weary smile. "Why do you call me your dear child—unless you believe me? You know what I mean, better than I do myself."

Bradley was silent. They reached Trafalgar Square, and Maggie hesitated and gazed from "The Grand" to "The Metropole."

"You have quarrelled with Ferguson," Bradley said abruptly.

Maggie thought a moment. "No, not quarrelled. I haven't seen him for a year, remember. When he left me I was a child—a gutter child. Now I'm—"

She shrugged her shoulders. "What am I? Isn't it funny, I don't know what I am; something you've helped make me."

An ordinary, obvious, and ridiculous reply rose to Bradley's lips, but it died, stillborn. Maggie was gazing thoughtfully at one of the great beasts guarding Nelson's column.

"I suppose I'm something that ought not to exist. I've just made the discovery that I'm not respectable."

"What are you talking about?"

"Myself! That's now, let me see, what was that splendid word you used one day and taught me the meaning of? *Ego* something—egotistical! You see, I left the studio because, of course, Mr. Ferguson will want it, and even if it were big enough to hold us both, it wouldn't be big enough to hold—that other word, please?"

"Mrs. Grundy?"

"No, propriety. I've asked for rooms in half-a-dozen houses off Gower Street, and a couple in Baker Street, but the landladies looked at me as if I'd escaped from the Zoo, and shook their heads; and when they discovered I was alone, 'Regretted.' . . . So I'm going to an hotel. I shall spend every penny of my salary. I shall enjoy myself!"—her voice broke—"or, rather, I shall have what the girls in the theatre call a *good time*. . . . Perhaps you'll come and amuse me sometimes."

"Certainly," Capt. Bradley said. He might have been accepting an invitation to play tennis. "When you have settled your rooms, what are you going to do?"

"Eat—and dance." She lifted her skirts and commenced to cross the road. Bradley slipped his arm through hers—the traffic looked threatening.

"There's a little hotel on the Embankment, lower down," he said slowly. "It's comparatively cheap and very comfortable; I know the manager, let me take you there, explain what you want, he'll see that you are comfortable."

Maggie looked at him; he avoided her glance, though he thought he read a question in her eyes. "It's very quiet, you know—sort of bachelor and family hotel."

She smiled. "I'm neither a bachelor nor a family."

"You're all right," Bradley said cheerfully. "Come along."

Thanks to the introduction, Maggie found peace and luxury at three and a half guineas a week. She returned to the theatre for her box, and Bradley accompanied her. As soon as they had reached her room in the hotel, he offered to leave her.

"I rather wish you were going to dine quietly with me somewhere though, because I see you've got a very bad hump, and it isn't good for young girls to be left alone with the hump."

"I'm not a young girl," she laughed, "and, of course, I'll dine with you, only warn you I shall not be amusing. Why don't you wait until to-morrow. Perhaps to-morrow I shall work myself into the right mood."

He looked at her face, then forced her to meet his eyes. "What mood will that be?"

Maggie shrugged her shoulders.

CHAPTER FIFTY.
Jim Realises.

FERGUSON was late in calling on Maggie; the best part of the day was spent in business with the lawyer, and the lawyer had several surprises for him, not least of all being his pass-book, showing a substantial and apparently ridiculous balance to his credit of five hundred pounds!

For a moment he felt like a millionaire, then like a fool. A little later in the day he knew that he had been a fool. It took him a long time to realise that the money had been sent through his solicitor's hands by Maggie, still longer to realise that his balance represented the savings from her salary.

So she had not forgotten him. That was his first thought and a foolish one; but men at all times are foolish creatures and blind. How blind he had been, Ferguson knew then; unfortunately, he did not realise that his eyes were still tightly bound.

He tried to hurry through his business, but with such a substantial balance at his bank he was, of course, a useful client, so the solicitor detained him until late in the day. When at last he was free he took the bus to Westminster, ran up Root Street, and entered the studio quickly.

The firelight flickered on the walls, the lamp burnt redly, close to the white goddess . . . and she was sitting in the chair.

"Maggie!" He spoke her name in the voice she had known twelve months ago. It was unfortunate she could not hear him.

"Lor! Is that you, sir?" Mrs. Jones rose in her *dishabille* and faced him. I just looked in to see—to see that everything was all right and that nothing was missing—I sat down for a minute, and I suppose I must almost have gone off to sleep!"

"Where's Maggie—Miss Druce?"

"Gone," Mrs. Jones replied slowly, uncertain how the news would be received. "Her went off like a whirlwind not half an hour ago. She was never coming back, she said. . . . But there, perhaps it's the best thing that could have happened."

Ferguson interrupted her sharply; as sharply dismissed her. She left the room, wondering.

Ferguson found his pipe and pouch, and poured himself out a whisky-and-soda; it struck him then as strange that everything was in its place, and that he found everything he wanted. He carried the lamp from the table to the bureau, then he saw Maggie's letter. He read it; looked at the receipts and Post Office Savings book.

Not only had he misunderstood, he had misjudged her. If for a moment a horrible suspicion entered his heart, he dismissed it quickly, frankly loathing himself for the thought. He locked the letter, the receipts, and book in the drawer, then paced up and down the studio, his hands clasped behind his back. Having no clothes at the hotel, he had been forced to buy a ready-made suit that morning, but he still wore his patent-leather boots; they creaked as he walked, moreover, they tired him. Irritably he kicked them off, then looked for his red slippers.

Twelve months in prison could not break him of his habits; everything else he wanted was waiting for him, why not his slippers. He was trembling with irritability. For the first time in his life he swore because his studio did not possess bells; he shouted for Mrs. Jones as he had never shouted before.

"Did Miss Druce say where she was going?"

"No; she never said a word, sir. She just went, and I couldn't get any sense out of her—"

"That'll do. Where are my slippers, my red slippers?"

Mrs. Jones looked, with injured surprise. "Why, they was by the fire, where they has been every night, waiting for you."

"Waiting for me?"

"Yes, sir, with your whisky and things. I will say that, sir, she was ready and expecting you, always, and particular that there should be a big fire and everything. She always put 'em out for you herself."

"That'll do, go!"

Mrs. Jones would have tarried and talked, but Ferguson's voice and Ferguson's face sent her hurrying very quickly to her own apartments.

Now he was possessed of an insane idea to find those slippers. He everywhere, bedroom up and down, noticed when

BANKING—PAST AND PRESENT.

INTERESTING FACTS THAT ARE LITTLE KNOWN.

It may often have occurred to readers to ask how Bankers' fortunes are gained, why Banks are such prosperous institutions. The boy or girl who happens to visit a Bank is impressed with the quantity of gold that is paid out in bags, and the lavish indications of wealth.

Only a proportion of the wealth of the world is in actual coin, the remainder is represented by paper, and is credit. The supply of cash is limited. So in times of panic when the customers of a Bank rush to draw out their money that Bank is bound to close. It has not the money to pay out.

The Bank receives the money of customers on deposit, and uses this money for its own purposes. It has, of course, always a good supply of cash in hand, but is able to utilise a large amount every year. On every sovereign of the amount so dealt with it draws good interest, which is all profit.

The Banks pay none of this interest to the customers from whom they obtained the principal, so it is easy to see what a huge profit is built up. So far from paying interest to the customer, many Banks charge them a fee for banking with them.

Some idea of the profit to the Bank is obtained when it is mentioned that one leading Bank—Feltham's Bank—which has been established on up-to-date lines, is able to offer its customers from 4 to 7 per cent. on deposits placed in that Bank. Even after paying that rate of interest, which is as profitable as it is exceptional, Feltham's Bank will be able to draw some for itself, so that it is evident that the Banks that pay no interest to their customers must needs be prosperous.

This is not the only Bank which pays interest to its customers, but it is the Bank which pays the best interest. For instance, the depositors at the Post Office Savings Bank receive 2½ per cent.—or sixpence on every sovereign. For this sum they have to submit to conditions that are extremely inconvenient. They are content to submit, until they learn that they can obtain equal security on terms which are three or four times as advantageous.

A Bank that Shares the Profit with Its Customers.

At Feltham's Bank they receive three times the amount of interest, and they have many more facilities. They are not limited as to the amount of deposits, or the sum to be withdrawn at any time, and so on.

Further, it is impossible to obtain a loan from the Post Office. It can be very easily managed at Feltham's Bank. This is a point that should be remembered. It is a most important convenience. A small sum or a large sum can be obtained without difficulty, for Feltham's Bank aims at helping its customers in a practical manner. Without embarrassment and without trouble the loan is granted, and advice is given with the same readiness. Feltham's Bank is in a peculiarly good position to advise its customers, situated as it is in the very centre of the money world.

In the romance of Banking there is no more startling chapter than the annihilation of distance as typified by Feltham's Bank. A few years ago it would have seemed absurd to speak of a resident in far off Shetland or lone Land's-End having his or her London Bank as the sole depository of his or her money. Now Feltham's Bank is the trustee for many residents hundreds of miles from its doors. Yet they transact their business with as much ease and far less inconvenience than that experienced by those who deal with local Banks. As we have seen it is far more profitable for them.

This has been brought about and made possible by the introduction of Banking by Post. It is a system which is working admirably, that is to say, safely and expeditiously. The advantages which attach to a London Bank are manifest. In the first place there is privacy, which is so desirable in banking matters. There is also prestige, which is not an inconsiderable feature, and there are many other advantages which are too obvious to need stating.

A Present of FREE Insurance.

There is one other point that distinguishes Feltham's Bank, and that is free insurance. Depositors are automatically insured against both accident and illness. In the former case for £500 and £1 a week, and in the latter for £1 a week.

In addition to this, the Bank presents its depositors with a free Life Insurance Policy of £100 without medical examination. It is guaranteed by a leading British Company, the Empire Guarantee Corporation Ltd., whose capital is £500,000. Anyone who has had any experience of Life Insurance knows that to obtain a good policy any sum from 30s. to £5 is necessary, and when this fact is borne in mind the character of this offer is appreciated.

Banking is a subject full of interest, but, as we have said, there is probably no more interesting chapter in its history than the development of the modern Bank. It is fully described in the booklet "Profitable Banking Accounts" which has already been mentioned. A copy of this booklet will be sent free of any cost on application to the Secretary, Feltham's Bank Ltd., 96 Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W., or City Branch 2 Coleman Street, London, E.C.—ADVT.]



he entered how painfully neat it was. Everything was just as he had left it, only with less dust and disorder. And he noticed also the faint fragrance in the atmosphere . . . when he opened a cupboard or stirred a curtain it came to him. . . . Almost as if Maggie had been hiding.

Maggie—or was it Christine? Again he tramped up and down the studio; only when he paused for the third time before the easel did he notice the canvas on it, covered up. . . . He pulled the covering off . . . and again he understood.

Understanding was giving him some very hard knocks; he did not complain, he deserved them all. He had been wondering if he ever would understand everything. Apparently the gods who rule men's destinies had been busy performing miracles ever since they had locked him in prison.

Someone ought to have warned him. That was his only complaint, someone ought to have warned him!

Other letters were on the bureau; he took them up savagely, they did not interest him now. He tore open the envelope of one—from a brother artist congratulating him on the expiration of his sentence. He threw it into the fire with an oath; he was beginning to wish they had kept him in prison.

Another letter, fairly ancient, from a firm of picture dealers in the West-end, offering to exhibit his work in their galleries.

A year ago he would have executed a *mattiche* up and down the studio. Now he just growled under his breath, "Let them take the whole lot!"

But the third letter, written a week ago, stunned him for a moment. It was from a well-known millionaire, who happened to know his work, and had seen, among other things, Miss Bodeley's portrait, suggesting his calling on him with a view to his painting certain frescoes in a house which he had taken in Park Lane; the design and execution would be left to Ferguson.

A commission which might mean thousands of pounds, and, what was more, work nearest his heart. He wondered if that owner of millions knew he had been serving a term of imprisonment.

He crumpled the letter in his hand, then threw it on to the bureau. He walked into the shadows where the goddess stood, and he looked at her.

"What games are they playing with me!" he whispered. But the goddess smiled her inscrutable smile; for a long time living clay looked at lifeless clay. She was wiser than he—or the soul of him who had created her.

So, from the first, had the gods always treated men, playing battledore and shuttlecock with them. Always the unexpected.

Ferguson drew a chair before the fire—then looked at it and laughed! Of course, Maggie had bought it for him. . . . It was really all very funny. And, as he sat down, there from the mantelpiece smiled Miss Bodeley—the rough sketch he had made, framed, waiting to greet him.

Ferguson made up his mind then. He knew what he would do—the only thing he could do—and, after all, it would not be so very difficult. And his irritability vanished; he sat in the chair and looked into the fire—he still wanted to dream his dreams.

It was just so Maggie had sat and looked at the burning embers, and dreamed!

(Another instalment next week.)

WON IN A CANTER.

In a certain restaurant an Irish waiter was in the habit of bringing an old gentleman's tea every day, with most part of it very often in the saucer. This he could stand no longer.

"Look here, Pat," said the old gent, "to-morrow evening, if you bring my tea without spilling a drop in the saucer, I will give you a shilling for yourself."

"Right, sor," said Pat, and the following evening he won the shilling by bringing the cup in one hand and the saucer in the other.

THE ONLY WAY.

Not long ago a farmer sued a cattle-dealer for damages in the local county court.

"When I bought the bull," said complainant, "he told me it was gentle and perfectly harmless—a child could play with it, in fact. Half-an-hour after I got the animal home, he disabled a couple of my farm hands, and then turned on me—"

"Perhaps the beast was excited by his strange surroundings," suggested his honour. "Is he quiet enough now?"

"Well—yes; but you see—"

"Ah," remarked the defendant, "then my description was correct, after all. I said if he did get excited at first he would quieten down."

"Yes," responded the plaintiff grimly, "but you didn't tell me I should have to shoot the beggar to quieten him down! That's what I had to do!"

"I AM a broken man," said the playwright.

"So I should think," was the answer, "for I have seen your pieces."

SHE: "Mr. Highnote tells me he is cultivating his voice."

HE: "Yes; I saw him irrigating it early this morning."

BRAGO: "I was knocked senseless by a cricket ball two years ago."

The Boy in the Corner: "When does yer expect ter get over it?"

We are quickly turning into a silent nation; one in which people are as quiet as Trappist monks whose conversation is reduced to the barest necessities. This is a complaint and a criticism heard on all hands, so there must be some foundation in fact. The stately and formal conversation of an earlier age has long since been forgotten. "Small talk," for which the English had such a reputation, is quickly passing away. Words of one syllable by way of question and answer are often the only sign of vocal power to be heard.

Soon we shall go about our daily occupations as silently as ghosts, with but few exceptions.

These exceptions are the people whose only idea of a conversation is to pour forth a long stream of talk on some favourite topic, riding rough-shod over the views of others, never even suspecting that there can be any other views than those they are engrossed in expressing.

Social life has lost a great deal of its colour and variety owing to this pall of silence. This is a great loss and a great pity, because the delights of conversation are really among the most enduring and refreshing of all human pleasures. And conversation can be made a delight by the humblest and least educated as easily as it can be a supreme joy to those of trained and brilliant scholarship.

There is no necessity for the true conversationalist to be ever firing off sparkling epigrams, or quoting learned—and dry—authorities, or diving into the mazes of dead languages. "The happiest conversation," said Dr. Johnson, and he should know, "is that of which nothing is distinctly remembered, but a generally pleasing impression."

Surely this recipe should give every silent one heart of grace to try and rise out of a state of silence to a condition in which a pleasant interchange of ideas with our fellow-creatures is possible and profitable. "A pleasing impression" is one of the least difficult things to create if we set out on the right road.

If we would remedy the disease we must carefully examine the patient. Let us, then, have a careful look at the average silent Briton, and see if we can find out the causes of his malady.

Here he is. He is a hard worker. His hours are fairly long; he has to keep polished in all that affects his business; he is ever on the look-out for advancement.

He appears to have no obvious defects. His heart appears to be in the right place, and his brain seems

An artist, like a soldier, has always to be ready, present-minded, and composed in whatever circumstances he may find himself.

But it is perhaps easier to fight or manoeuvre than to sing when one's emotions are, or have been, deeply stirred, or when beset by many difficulties. Because singing calls for fitness all over, whereas, fighting—but I am not going to deliver a lecture, but to try to tell you about perhaps the reddest of many red-letter days in my life.

In February, 1907, I left Berlin on a fine day to go to Hanover, where I was to give a concert. So far, so good, and I set out on my journey without the least anticipation of anything exciting happening.

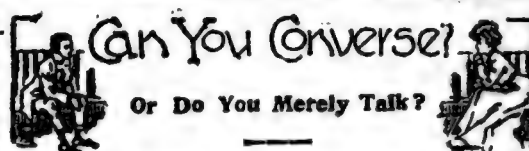
On arriving at my hotel, however, I was handed a telegram, which I found was from one of the German Empress' gentleman-in-waiting, and informed me that the Empress wished me to sing to her the next evening.

That was all, no details. I answered, "With greatest pleasure," and dismissed the subject from my mind until it suddenly struck me that I had better make sure about being able to return to Berlin in time for the Empress. But I was tired, and wished to rest before my concert, so I said to myself, "Oh, never mind, there is sure to be a train."

So I made no inquiries until after my concert that evening, when I found that there were only two possible trains for me—one at six o'clock in the morning, the other at noon. To go to bed at one o'clock and get up at four o'clock, that was not, what you call, good enough, so I decided to go by the mid-day train.

I arrived at the station in good time, but the train it came not. I began to count the minutes, until they lengthened into half-hours, and still no train. There had been an accident.

That was nice news for me. How was I to get to Berlin, how dress, how sing? My head was nearly bursting. Well, at last, the train came, but it was a quarter to six before I arrived at my Berlin hotel. And there, on the doorstep, I found a gentleman waiting for me, sent by the Empress. "Her Majesty expects you at the



Or Do You Merely Talk?



to work with regularity and efficiency. What, then, prevents him from expanding into a many-sided congenial conversationalist? The reason is to be found in the fierce rate at which we all live, and work, and play in this century.

While competition increases few of us can devote ourselves to more than one or two subjects, and the most important is always, of course, our life-work. Most of us get to know a good deal about our own particular work, but we don't seem to think that there are other people who are just as deeply interested in other sorts of work.

When we do talk, therefore, our speech is usually rather like a speech at a political meeting—one man does most of the talking. We are all specialists in one subject, and each of us at times gets up on his own little soap-box and has his say. When the speech is finished, we have no further interest in the proceedings. Having specialised in one "line," we don't care about other people's views on other subjects, or even on our own topic.

Now, true conversation is no more like speech-making than chalk is like cheese. It should help us to listen to, and to take an interest in, views that are not our own, and at present we don't like doing this. We have never learned to converse, although it is not so difficult as dancing, or shorthand writing, or conjuring, or piano playing, and most of us have learned these, or some of them.

But until some enterprising people start conversation classes and pile up fortunes thereby, we must try and remedy the defect ourselves.

Most of us belong to clubs, or societies, where we meet all sorts and conditions of people. It would be a very easy task to set about establishing among our friends what we could call conversational circles. There need be but one rule: That no member shall be silent throughout any of the meetings.

An hour a week spent in an exchange of views on any subject under the sun between a dozen people would result in a wonderful transformation of our daily lives. The advantages of such circles are innumerable. Minds would be broadened, knowledge would increase, consideration for other people's opinions would be fostered, tolerance would flourish, gossip and scandal would die a natural and speedy death, and the starch would be taken out of the attitude of many people towards their neighbours to make room for a spirit of genuine cordiality.

And England would be delivered from the gloom of silence which threatens to envelop it.

My Greatest Day.

By Madame
Blanche Marchesi
(the great singer).



Neues Palais to-night,"

said he.

"Ah, yes," I answered carelessly, "that is at Berlin Schloss, you mean?"

"No," said he, "Neues Palais is at Wildpark Station, half an hour by train from Potsdam Station."

My head felt like a lighted Catherine wheel! To unpack, dress, have my hair done, eat, and be on the train again by seven o'clock. After all, even a singer is human, and I felt like, what you call, "throwing the sponge up." But I didn't. Not even when, on going up to my rooms, I found there a new accompanist who wanted to rehearse!

And I did it. I did all. How I do not know to this day.

That evening spent with the Empress remains one of the most delightful memories of my life. I was in voice. Yes, in best voice, and I had to sing twelve songs. And this little story, surely, proves either that there is a special guardian angel who watches over us singers or that we are tougher than most mortals.

Blanche Marchesi

MAKING IT SURE.

THE lawyer was drawing up Enpeck's will.

"I hereby bequeath all my property to my wife," dictated Enpeck. "Got that down?"

"Yes," answered the attorney.

"On condition," continued Enpeck, "that she marries again within a year."

"But why that condition?" asked the man of law.

"Because," answered the meek and lowly testator, "I want somebody to be sorry that I died. See?"

ATTORNEY (for the defence): "Now, what time was it when you were attacked?"

Complainant: "I don't know; ask your client—he took my watch."

LIFE INSURANCE AGENT: "My dear sir, have you made any provision for those who come after you?"

Harduppe: "Yes; I put the dog at the door, and told the servant to say I'm out of town."

Shortly



Hedgerow Industries.

How the Country Moucher Gets His Livelihood from the Hedges and Ditches.

To the loafer the idea that there is money to be made in the country by any method except solid, hard work seems absurd. There are no horses to hold, no papers to sell, no odd jobs of any kind, not even a friendly rubbish heap to be picked over.

Yet in almost every country village you will find a man who rarely does a day's work in the field except at hay or harvest time, and still manages to live fairly comfortably. Probably he comes of a gipsy strain, and no doubt at times does an odd bit of poaching. But the main part of his livelihood comes from the hedges and ditches and waste land, and there is rarely a time of year when he cannot find a method of turning a more or less honest penny.

In a few months' time, for instance, he will be busy picking "hurts." "Hurt"—for the benefit of town readers of *P.W.*—is the country name for the bilberry, or whortle berry. You find it in very many parts of the country, under the pines on the Surrey hills, all through the West from Wales to the Cornish moors; in fact, everywhere on high waste land. He gets 8d. a gallon for the fruit, for which there is a ready market.

Then come the wild raspberries. Every chalk country common carries them, and they make excellent jam. August should see the beginning of the great blackberry harvest, which lasts for six weeks, and before the blackberries are over the sloes are in full swing. Down in the south country, tons of sloes go to Plymouth and elsewhere for the manufacture of that delectable cordial, sloe gin.

GATHERING ACORNS FOR PIGS.

Crab apples are still common in parts of Herefordshire, Worcestershire, and Shropshire. They are valuable for jelly making. Crab jelly is, indeed, a delicacy only surpassed by rowan jam, which is made all through Yorkshire and Scotland from the berries of the wild mountain ash.

Hazel nuts must not be forgotten. The moucher picks these when he has nothing else to do, and if trade is slack, he may take a sack into the oak woods and fill it with acorns which the farmers will buy for his pigs.

Another autumn industry is the harvest of bracken. Dried fern leaves are highly esteemed as bedding for cattle, and are far cheaper than straw. The bracken is cut with a reaping hook, dried, and stacked like hay. In the New Forest alone over 250,000 tons of bracken are cut yearly.

When the bracken is over it pays to collect beech leaves. The best are used by country people for stuffing mattresses, the rest are buried in holes in the ground, and turned into leaf mould. Market gardeners, especially those who work under glass, pay very good prices for leaf mould. Almost all hot-house flowers flourish in a compound of clay and leaf mould.

There are usually two mushroom harvests, one in June and the other in August and September. The hedgerow hunter is up at three in the morning in mushroom time, and fills a bushel basket before breakfast. He is also sure to know the beech copse where the precious truffle grows, and he visits this at early dawn, keeping a watchful eye that no one sees him.

BEEF STEAK FUNGUS FOR DINNER.

His knowledge is precious, for he has sometimes dug two or three pounds of the delicious tubers in a single day, and sold them at half-a-crown a pound. He knows, as well, of other fungi which are eatable, the chanterelle, the edible puff ball, and the beef-steak fungus. But these he rarely gathers for sale. He picks them for his own use.

Sometimes he collects a basketful of the scarlet fly agaric. A deadly poison this, yet there is a market for it. It is used for the manufacture of a patent fly poison.

Another agaric, the *stremetarius*, was once used for ink making, and the curious polyporus *aquamosus* has a still more peculiar employment. This tough, leathery fungus, which is usually found growing upon ash trees, is used by country folk as a razor strap. You cut out a smooth slice of the tough, leathery stuff, press it under heavy weights, and then glue the strip upon a flat piece of wood.

Herbs are not used in medicine to the same extent that they were a few years ago, but of late there has been a growing demand for wild plants used in making skin beautifiers and hair washes. The moucher has learnt this, and he prowls along the hedgerows and coppice sides, searching for rosemary, saffron, southern wood, tansy, and other plants; he also visits the swampy brook sides for berries of the myrtle. All these and many other leaves and herbs find a ready market.

The man of the type we are describing rarely does any damage in his searches. It is the tripper who digs up ferns and primroses by the roots and destroys

the beauty of our country lanes. Fern poachers exist, but they usually come from the towns. Fortunately, keepers are always on the look out for these gentry, and magistrates usually send them to prison without the option of a fine.

Still, the true country moucher will usually undertake to supply an inquirer with a specimen of any rare local plant, such, for instance, as the lily of the valley or the osmunda fern. But he will not show the source of his supply, nor will he recklessly root up all in sight.

Many of these men do a good business in the cutting and manufacture of walking-sticks. Usually an arrangement is made, when the farmer is cutting his ash plantation, whereby the stick-maker may take what sticks he pleases at so much a dozen. They are not difficult to manipulate. First he ties them tightly in bundles while still green, and so straightens them. When thoroughly dry each stick is cut into shape with a sharp knife, rubbed smooth with glass-paper, and then, with a little varnish and a ferule, is fit for sale at from 6d. upwards.

Gorse and hazel and blackthorn are also cut for walking-sticks. A good blackthorn with a heavy head is always worth money, and so is a stick which has a good, natural crook, and can be sold to the harness-maker for a hunting-crop handle.

What with mole catching at odd times, earth stopping during the hunting season, breaking ferrets and the like, the country man who seeks a hedgerow living does very well. He often, indeed, makes more money than the farm labourer, but, unfortunately, he is too shiftless to keep it.

"See that you don't get hurt, Sam. It's dangerous working here in the quarry."
"Oh! nothing can happen to me, Joe. I've borrowed ten shillings from the foreman, and since then he doesn't let me do any dangerous work."

TRAVELLER: "Here, landlord, what's the matter with your dog? I've driven him away a score of times, but he always comes back again, and sits close up to my arm-chair watching every mouthful I take. Do turn him out, and let me have my dinner in peace."

Landlord: "Please, sir, my Carlo is such a knowing brute. I expect you have got the plate he generally eats off."

(A Tale of an Interviewer.)

By John Foster Fraser.

[The eminent and daring traveller and explorer, who is also well known as the author of many delightful books on his wanderings, and is a brilliant journalist and lecturer. Mr. Fraser is the Parliamentary correspondent of the "Standard."]

DURING my bicycle ride round the world I arrived at New York, and an interviewer called upon me in search of "copy" about my adventures.

I may say that I am quite hopeless in regard to adventure yarns, for I have never had any adventures, or, at all events, not what travellers would regard as such. Moreover, I was feeling pretty tired, so I told the interviewer I was sorry, but I really had nothing to relate.

"Oh, I guess we can fix that all right," said he. "Now, you came across India, didn't you?"

"Yes," I admitted.

"Waal, now, didn't you have any exciting times there?"

"No," I said, rather untruthfully, for at Calcutta I had been in an earthquake. But, as I say, I was tired and in no mood to talk. Besides, lots of people have been in earthquakes.

"But, say," continued my persecutor, "didn't you meet any tigers?"

"No," I answered, this time truthfully; "I never saw a tiger the whole time I was there."

"Waal, now, that's strange. How do you account for it?"

"Oh, I don't know," I said, hastily; "probably because we always travelled by night," as, of course, we did, to avoid the heat of the day.

Thereupon, to my surprise and relief, the interviewer shut up his notebook with a snap, said, "Thank you verry much," and departed.

Next morning his paper came out with two columns of wholly apocryphal details of my career. I had expected that, and, therefore, was not surprised; but what took my fancy, in fact, what "just tickled me to death," as Americans say, was the top head line—there were about a dozen of them in all—which ran as follows, in letters about three inches high: "How the Wily Britisher Dodged the Bengal Tiger!"

John Foster Fraser

PUBLIC NOTICE AND WARNING!

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SERIAL STORY.

The House of Rimmon.

By JOHN K. PROTHERO, Author of "In the Grip of Fate."

CHAPTER FORTY-ONE.
Love Stronger than Death.

BLYTHER had faced the King of Terrors far too often to know any feeling of fear. Indeed, his first sensation—after the sharp pain of the bullet—was one of rage that he had delayed an instant too long. Had he not done so, he would have easily seized his assailant by the throat and choked him. The Jew had seemed at his mercy, so completely at his mercy that he had paused to indulge a momentary triumph over the man he had deemed in his power. He had paid dearly for his folly.

But the game was not yet over. His brain—working at lightning speed—told him that if he moved he was a dead man. He was unarmed. He had trusted entirely to his physical strength. His only chance was to lie perfectly still. Then Stebbing might think that the one shot had done its work, and might hesitate to fire another lest the neighbourhood should be aroused. With iron will he forced back the blood that was surging to his throat.

The Jew got off the bed and looked down. One sort of terror was succeeded by another. He need no longer fear the man before him. No; but he need fear something stronger now—the law, the noise. He listened intently. No sound broke the stillness of the night save the faint singing of a nightingale in a little clump of trees some few score yards away. He reviled the bird, whose song to his distracted ears rang like a dirge. There was no other sound. He had no time to lose.

His hand was on the door. Stay, what was that? He glanced down at the thing at his feet. The body was shaken by a series of gasps. His enemy was not dead after all. A moment before he would have given his right hand to have recalled the deed that stamped him murderer. Now his old fear came back, and rage beside. He fired again and yet again.

The baronet was on his feet in a moment. Rushing at his adversary, who emptied the pistol at him as he came on, he tore the weapon from his grasp. He seized him by the throat and beat the butt of the pistol on his upturned face.

But the violence of the effort was too much for Sir Douglas. He lost his hold. He staggered back and fell into a corner of the room.

The Jew fell, too. Blind and helpless, terror had left him at last. Courage was in him now, the ferocious courage that comes to a man who feels he has lost all but life. He felt cautiously around for a weapon. The revolver he could not find, though it was but a few inches from his feet.

He could hear his opponent choking. He hoped Blythe might not die—yet. Not till he—Stebbing—had battered all form and shape out of his face. He crept along the wall slowly towards the fireplace. He gave a cry of joy as his hands touched the poker. Sir Douglas saw and heard; but he could not move. Death was slowly coming to him, and he was powerless to push him back.

Steadily the Jew crawled on, holding his weapon in advance of him, striking madly and yet methodically around him, searching with deadly certainty the space that lay between him and his foe.

The blow came down. The baronet put up his arm, and this saved his head.

The Jew drew back and laughed. "Ah," he cried—it was the first time during the struggle that either man had spoken—"I've found you, have I? Well, I win at last, Sir Douglas. I pay you back in full at the finish."

The blows came down. With a final effort the baronet got to his feet. Wildly the Jew tried to keep him off. Sir Douglas's left hand closed upon his throat. A shower of frantic strokes fell upon Blythe's head and shoulders; but his grip never relaxed. Seconds passed into minutes, until at last the body hung limp in the baronet's hand. Then at length the latter loosed his hold. A sudden craving for fresh air, a sudden desire to be away from the dreadful scene came over him. He tottered towards the French window; but the violent passion which had sustained him had passed with the life of the Jew. He reeled; his senses left him. The glass splintered at the shock; he fell, with a crash, into the garden beneath.

In his mansion at Park Lane, Sir Douglas Blythe lay dying. He was dying as he had lived, with an indomitable courage. They had found him, his son and the incomparable Jeffries, in the garden of the Jew's house at Clapham in the early hours of the morning following the murder, and together they had borne him home.

They could not save his life; they could and did preserve his reputation, the high esteem the world had given him. Stuart searched the Jew's house for any clue that could identify the baronet, forcing himself to enter the room where the death struggle had taken place, though he sickened, body and soul, at the horrible sight. The baronet had lain unconscious for hours under the tall elms whose soft green leaves shaded his face. When, however, they lifted him and with infinite care carried him to the big Panhard waiting in readiness, he raised his head. The brain flashed a message of understanding into the blue eyes.

"Good lad," he said feebly but distinctly, and smiled at Hedley. The other read the question in his father's face.

"We're taking you home," he said.

Sir Douglas nodded.

"To die," he said simply. "That's all right. I've played the game to a finish. I look to you to see I'm not

found out. Your mother—" He paused, and great beads of sweat, the sweat of agony, stood on his face. "Quick," he said hoarsely, "quick. I want to get home to Rosalie."

He did not speak again, but leant back with closed eyes, fighting against the lassitude that slowly crept over him, husbanding each ounce of energy, in a last struggle—the struggle between time and death. He must live to see his wife. She could not refuse to see him at the last. He smiled faintly, the ghost of his old boyish humour twitching at the white lips. He had always won what he wanted; he had always turned defeat into victory. Death would bring him the love, the forgiveness of his wife, and he would win the last trick.

Stuart, watching him, conscious of his long list of crimes, yet felt no bitterness towards him. The personal magnetism of the man compelled his admiration, his affection. The pity of it, the pity of it—he felt a lump rise in his throat.

Stuart had his explanation cut and dried when they arrived at Park Lane. There had been an accident. Sir Douglas had got out of the car to discover what was wrong with the machinery, and then, by one of those strange caprices peculiar to women and motors, the car had started off over the prostrate figure of the baronet, crushing and mutilating him.

The account of the accident was in all the evening papers, telegrams and messages of inquiry arrived all day long. Statesmen called in person to know the latest news. Lord Crossingham was quite a quarter of an hour expressing his sympathy. The Press published eulogies on the baronet's marvellous qualities of brain and heart, while the Money market showed signs of depression at the news. The dying man chuckled at the demonstrations, and smiled approval at his son.

"Good lad, clever lad! By Jove, we've dished them. I shall die in the odour of sanctity after all."

Meanwhile the murder of the Jew was not discovered. Clapham Common is not overstaffed with police, and the house was too far off the beat to gain more than a casual glance of inspection. The murder was not discovered till after the baronet was dead and buried; the affair created a sensation, and many were the solutions offered as to who was the assailant of the Jew. But the wisecracks never came within a hundred miles of Park Lane, and the mystery of the Clapham murder has remained a mystery to this day.

Rosalie had heard the news of her husband's injuries with a white, set face. Hedley told her no particulars; she had no need to ask them.

"He has murdered the Jew," she said in a strange, terrible voice. And then, "Will he live?"

Her son shook his head.

"Not more than four-and-twenty hours at most."

"Will they take him? Will they arrest him?"

"No one knows, no one will ever know. Mother, you will go to him!" He laid his hand on her shoulder.

"He's asking for you. You won't refuse—" He paused, chilled at the strange look on her face.

"Why do you plead for him?" she asked fiercely. "A murderer whose touch should set you shuddering?"

"He's going to pay the price," said Hedley quietly, "and he's paying it without a murmur. He's very much alone, mother."

"I can't go to him," she answered hoarsely. "I can't. You think I turn from him, you think I'm full of loathing! I tell you my heart's breaking for him, that I'd give my soul to put my arms about him; but I dare not, for his sake I dare not. He's unrepentant, he won't repent, he'll die triumphant if I go to him, glorying in his life, his crimes, because at the last he'll know I love him. Ay, and have loved him through it all."

"I tell you I have striven to kill this ache for the touch of him. I loathe his sins. I abhor his crimes—but, but I love him," she cried, "I love him. The horror of it has chilled my heart, crucified my soul. I tell you I have striven by prayer and fasting to crush out my love. But it's here—she clasped her hands upon her breast—"here like a burning coal. He must not know it. He must die without me. Why?" as her son shrank back appalled.

"Why? I tell you, if he suffers here, God in His mercy may spare him in the hereafter. He must repent, he must suffer as I shall suffer to save his soul alive."

The light of religious ecstasy shone in her eyes, a clear

cruel light. She was fighting for his soul, lacerating her heart, torturing his body that he might be saved. But the measure of this agony was the measure of her pain. Face downwards on the bed, her body convulsed, with clenched

hands and bleeding lips, she fought her battle, nailing herself upon the cross.

In the room next her own, Betty, dull and apathetic, sat by the window, her eyes the only living things in her grey face. She was watching for her lover, who would never come. Unconscious of all around her, her mind could only dwell on the one passionate desire for Jerry—Jerry, who would never see her any more.

And while the one woman clamoured in vain for the gates of Heaven to open, the other shut and bolted the door, barring herself out.

"I must save his soul! Dear Heaven, save his soul!" she moaned.

Not until the middle of the day did Sir Douglas mention his wife. He had refused the narcotic the doctors suggested, declaring he preferred to die with his brain clear. He was enduring terrible pain, but made no murmur or complaint. At half-past twelve he motioned Hedley to his side.

"Your mother?" he said, slowly.

Hedley prevaricated. The look of longing in the blue eyes hurt him. He turned his own aside.

"She's resting a little. She has had a bad night with Betty."

"You have told her?"

Hedley nodded.

The baronet gripped his arm.

"Does she refuse to come to me?" he asked. The blue eyes flashed ominously. "Tell me," he said.

"She will come later," said her son.

Sir Douglas closed his eyes, wrinkling his brows in thought.

"She wants to save my soul? Is that it?"

The other nodded.

"It will hurt her—if she doesn't see me?"

"She knows that."

"I'll wait a little while," and he closed his eyes again.

Two hours later he spoke again. He was weaker, the pain was more intense, a new fear was added to his sufferings. He was horribly afraid his brain would go.

"Hedley—my son, fetch your mother." There was a note of appeal in the voice that made Hedley wince. It was the first time anyone had heard Sir Douglas supplicate.

He rose obediently, and went to waste his eloquence upon the desolate figure with the white face, moaning on her cross of fire.

The blue eyes stared at the door, their brightness gone, their quick look of laughter for ever extinguished. A terrible stare of expectation widened them, a stare that changed into a fierce agony when Hedley entered alone and took his seat by the bedside.

The minutes throbbing with pain stretched into eternity to the young man compelled to look upon a soul's extremity. He wondered if Nan—she had been strangely absent from his thoughts of late—would have set his spiritual salvation in the next world above his peace of mind in this? Nan could not bear to see a living thing in pain, much less inflict it. But, then, here was a calm, unruffled nature; passion could never seize on her as on poor Rosalie.

The dying man seemed to motion to his son to send the nurse away.

"How long?" he asked.

"The doctor said a few more hours," was the reply.

"Pain all the time?"

"Unless you have narcotics."

Sir Douglas moved restlessly.

"Hedley, won't she come?" gripping his hand with painful force.

"No, father. If I could help—"

"You do; but I want her—Rosalie—my wife."

The day dragged on; the sun set, and the twilight filled the room with strange grey shadows. The doctors, paying a final visit, expressed their surprise that the patient had lasted so long. "He's living on his will," they said, and Hedley, noting the look his father fixed upon the fast-shut door of Rosalie's room, sickened at the thought of his prolonged agony.

At ten in the evening he roused himself, sitting up in bed. "The pain," he said, "the pain—I can't bear it!" And then: "If I could die—if I could die; but I can't until I've seen her!"

The cry rang through the house, piercing her heart, her soul. She could not endure this final agony. He could not die—he would live on in torture until he had seen her. God would be merciful; He would punish her, not him, if—

Half delirious she tottered to the door, threw it wide open, flung herself upon her knees beside the bed.

He had her clasped in his arms the next minute, and was kissing her eyes and mouth and hair, while she clung to him, the one real thing in a sea of pain.

"God will forgive you! He shall punish me! I'll suffer for you. Douglas, I'll suffer for you!" she cried, wildly.

"Dear love, I cannot suffer now! No punishment can touch me. I'm going out into eternity with your kiss upon my lips. Rosalie—wife," he strained her close—"Beloved." A wonderful smile touched his lips, and then the change came swiftly. He fell back on the pillows—dead.

(Another instalment next week.)

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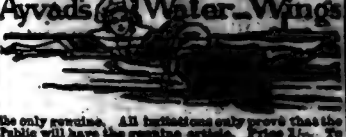
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HOME NOTES PAGE.

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SOME DAINTY DISHES.

Peppermint Creams

Should be made by mixing icing sugar into a thick mass with white of eggs, beating the mixture till it is quite smooth and fit to be rolled out. Flavour to taste with essence of peppermint and roll out to a quarter of an inch in thickness. Cut into rounds and pack into a box with grease-proof paper. If kept too long these delicious sweetmeats become rather dry and hard. (Reply to WILKIN.)

Baked Mutton

From the following recipe makes a most tasty dinner. Take the piece you intend cooking, season it well with pepper and salt, then make two deep cuts in it and fill them with sage and onion stuffing. Dredge the meat with flour, and put it in a baking tin. Baste thoroughly with dripping and hot water. Serve with roasted potatoes which have been cooked under the meat.

Creamed Haddock.

Boil a smoked haddock and free it from skin and bone, rub the flesh through a wire sieve. Put this into a stewpan with a good-sized piece of fresh butter, half a gill of cream, and season all with cayenne pepper. Make the fish very hot, turn out on to a dish, heaping it as high as possible, garnish with hard-boiled eggs and sippets of toast, and serve hot. (Reply to MAHER.)

Bread Cake.

Separate from the dough when making common white bread as much as is sufficient for a quarter loaf. Knead well into it two ounces of brown sugar, two ounces of butter, and half a pound of washed and dried currants. Warm the butter in a teaspoonful of fresh milk. When thoroughly kneaded, make into the form of a cake. Set to rise for an hour and bake.

Rhubarb and Sago Mould.

Soak a teaspoonful of small sago in a little water till well swollen. Meanwhile stew rhubarb to make one pint when done, flavouring this with lemon-peel. When the sago is soft, add to the rhubarb and cook all in a double boiler until the sago is transparent. Pour into a wet mould and - has cold turn out to serve. The sago must be thoroughly cooked or the mould will not turn out well. (Thanks to SUKET.)

Celstfoot and Dandelion Wine

May be made as follows: Boil one gallon of water with two and a half pounds of moist sugar and the beaten white of an egg, for forty minutes. Have a quarter of a peck of fresh-gathered celstfoot or dandelion flowers and one pound of raisins, stoned and chopped, in a pan, and pour the boiling liquid over them. Cover the vessel closely, and let the ingredients infuse for three days; stir thrice daily. Then add one tablespoonful of good yeast, keep it well mixed and covered close until it has worked freely. Then strain into a cask upon half an ounce, or more to taste, of bruised ginger and the rind of half a Seville orange. Let it remain open, covering the bung-hole lightly with a tile till fermentation has ceased. Add a quarter of a pint of brandy. Stop up the cask securely, and keep it for twelve months. Then bottle, and the wine will be fit for use in six months. (Reply to MAIN.)

Good for the Children.

Under tropical suns, during the sugar harvest, the children thrive and grow merry upon sugar-cane and sugar-syrup. Currants are very rich in grape-sugar, the exact form of nutriment most beneficial to the health of young children. There is no more wholesome lunch for schoolchildren than a slice of home-made cake with plenty of currants in it. The fruit supplies the right kind of nutriment for building the body and vitalising the brain.

During the present season currants have been in increasing demand as a dessert fruit. The shade-dried Vestian currants used for this purpose are a particularly fine, full-flavoured variety and are an ideal accompaniment to almonds and other nuts, their complete freedom from seeds or stones giving them a decided advantage over other dried fruits.

Your Grocer has a supply of useful little Cookery books, one of which he will gladly give you. Ask for "Currants—A few Tasty Recipes" and you will receive a little book that will prove of real help to you in your everyday cookery. The recipes have all been thoroughly tested and are not only novel and good, but strictly economical.

A PRETTY LITTLE FROCK.

Isn't this a pleasing little frock for a four-year-old? And you've no idea how simple to make it is.



No. 17311, Paper pattern, 5/6d., post free, from Fashion Department, Pearson's Building, 10, Abchurch Lane, London, W.C.

Quite the easiest way to manage the cutting-out is to fold your fabric down the centre and place the centre-back of collar, back, and front, to the fold, so avoiding a seam where those portions are concerned. The centre of the vest must also be placed to the fold, if you wish to employ material beneath the piece-lace of which this vest is composed.

The skirt is quite a separate affair, being pleated at the top according to the marks plainly indicated upon the paper pattern. See to it that you provide a deep hem, not only to insure there being sufficient material for lengthening purposes, but also to give weight to the foot of the skirt. There is a two-piece bodice lining which extends as far as the belt. Unlike the "material fronts," the bodice-lining is not cut away, the vest being made separately and mounted over it, so as to hook on the left after the bodice lining itself has been fastened in the centre.

Half the charm of the pointed collar is its softness, so do not make the mistake of facing it and adding an interlining or you will certainly fail to get the effect indicated by our artist. Did I mention the short puff sleeve is also lined, also that the dress is caught on to the base of the lining just where bodice and skirt meet?

By procuring pattern No. 17311 (page 4 to 6) and two and a quarter yards of material you will be able to start at once.

THE ARRANGEMENT OF FLOWERS.

It is well to remember that all flowers look better for loosening up a trifle and few look well packed tightly together. One of the safest rules to follow is to heed the natural growth of the flower whenever possible. Flowers that grow in thick clusters are certain to look well in masses, while those that grow singly and far apart should not be crowded. The object should always be to bring out the whole beauty of the flowers and to let everything else be secondary to that.

Chrysanthemums and sweet peas are examples of the few flowers that do not need foliage as a relief. Nearly all others look far better amid green leaves. A trailing green vine is often just the touch that is needed to soften a stiff arrangement. Asparagus fern is an airy, feathery green suitable only for fragile and delicate flowers in loose arrangement. Wood sorrel has delicate leaves that look well with sweet peas and other small flowers, but as a rule a flower's own foliage suits it best.

SISTERS-IN-LAW.

Men are often placed in some little difficulty as to how they should treat their wives' sisters, especially if they have never had any sisters of their own. Indeed, sisters-in-law expect a little different treatment even from what sisters do. A legal relationship cannot replace the early associations of family life, and an intimacy founded in later years never becomes quite the same.

Sisters-in-law expect a little more deference than sisters do, while they have the same brotherly affection. A man calls his sisters-in-law by their Christian names, and kisses them. They can render him many kindly attentions and services, and he, on his part, should always be willing to do the same for them.

If a man is fond of his wife, he generally feels kindly towards her family, and wants to stand on agreeable terms with them. Some husbands have a disagreeable way of not liking to have their sisters-in-law much about the house. They want their wives to themselves, and resent it if they express a wish for their sisters' society.

This is both selfish and unjust. A man should remember that a young wife is often lonely. He has, perhaps, taken her out of a large and merry family, and he expects her to be quite content with the slender companionship of a man who is away all day. Naturally, she must have many dull hours, and, also naturally, she would like to have about her the sisters who have always been her companions until now.

THE USEFUL CRUET.

It is not realised as well as it might be that a well-filled cruet is a small medicine chest.

Salt is a cathartic, in the dose of half an ounce to an ounce. Its liberal use also prevents or cures "worms" in children. Salt and water is a splendid tonic for weak or tired eyes, and a gargle of salt and water will cure a relaxed throat.

The medicinal properties of mustard are well known, and a mustard foot-bath is a favourite way of curing a cold. A mustard plaster is, however, preferable to the old-time mustard poultice, which can be used in case of emergency. Mustard and water is an emetic.

Vinegar comes next. It is an astringent, and is useful in allaying a swelling caused by a fall, and will, when greatly diluted with water, form a soothing lotion for eye-strain and nervous headache, and is a medicine close to hand should soda, potash, or ammonia ever be taken in an over-dose.

Olive-oil reveals its usefulness daily. An overworked society woman went to a celebrated physician recently and asked him how she could rid herself of her haggard, old look. "By the use of olive-oil," said he. "Just as much outward and inward application of it as you can manage." It is a laxative, is said to strengthen the nervous system, whilst it certainly nourishes the hair and vitalises the skin. Its outward application will strengthen a weak chest and lungs. Its value has long been known, Lord Bacon writing that "rubbing the skin with olive-oil is very conducive to longevity."

Pepper is a stimulant. Sometimes a little placed in a hollow tooth will relieve tooth-ache; pepper and water cures a relaxed throat; used judiciously it aids a weak digestion. Cayenne has the same virtues found in pepper, but emphasised.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

To Kill Crickets.

Place rhubarb leaves about the floors they infest; these the crickets eat and die. (Reply to WORRIED.)

Oiled Paper

Is easily made. Brush sheets of paper with boiled oil and hang them in the air to dry. (Reply to HOCKEY.)

Make Lime Cream for the Hair

By amalgamating at a gentle heat four ounces each of lime-water, glycerine, and oil of sweet almonds, and when nearly cold add half an ounce of tincture of cantharides. Perfume the cream as you desire.

Boot Polish.

I have no very successful recipe for this in a paste form. Furniture cream gives a splendid polish to patent leather, or equal quantities of sweet oil and turpentine. To obtain a really good polish clean brushes and cloths must be used for the process. (Reply to BLAND.)

To Boil Cockles and Periwinkles.

Having cleaned the shells, do not keep them long under water, as they are accustomed only to short periods of immersion. Stew them in a small quantity of water, enough to make plenty of steam, and to prevent the pan burning, cover the pan and frequently shake it. When the shells open, the fish are done. Serve plain with vinegar and pepper.

Clean Your Straw Matting

Thus, and I think you will find it most satisfactory: First brush it well to remove all dirt. Then sift some dry Indian meal over it, dip a mop into hot water, wring it out as dry as possible and rub it over the matting lengthways of the straw. It is a good plan to treat one breadth at a time, and clean water should be used for each breadth—when the matting is quite dry brush well to rid it of the meal. (Reply to HELEN X.)

On Tainted Meat.

Very often when a joint smells a bit tainted it is really only a small piece of gristle or meat that needs cutting away. Carefully look over the meat to remove any bit that looks tainted. Then have a little vinegar and tepid water in a basin, with a clean cloth wipe over the meat, and it will be perfectly right for cooking. Directly meat comes in from the butcher's hang it up, using a clean hook for the purpose, and never fixing the meat on to the hook in the wall.

To Wash Flannel that has Become Yellow.

Boil four tablespoonfuls of flour in four quarts of water, stirring it well, then pour half the boiling liquid over the flannel. Let it remain till the water cools, then rub the flannel, but use no soap. Rinse in several waters, then repeat the process in the remainder of flour and water in a boiling state. Afterwards rinse again and hang in the shade to dry. This recipe was originally sent me by a reader who also wrote gratefully about it. (Reply to MEEK'S ROAD READER.)

To Transfer Pictures to Wood

Is a process so useful in decorative work. The wood must first be made perfectly smooth and then varnished with copal or mastic varnish. When getting dry enough to allow its adhesiveness to be decidedly felt on being touched with the fingers, lay the print face downwards on the sticky varnish and rub down flat. When perfectly dry, which will probably be next day, remove the paper by wetting with cold water and then gently peeling it off. The paper will probably come off in rolls and the printer's ink remain.

A Hint About Old Potatoes.

Potatoes to be served next day should always be pared over night, and left in a basin with cold water to cover till next morning. Then pour off the water, add fresh, until required for cooking. To be cooked place in a steamer. Directly the potatoes are cooked, remove the lid from the steamer and the potatoes will immediately beat to flour; add a little salt and milk. A cloth should be placed on the top of the potatoes to absorb the remaining moisture. Potatoes prepared in this way will not turn black, but will have a creamy look, which they retain, and so great waste is saved. (Thanks to H. B. DEAL KENT.)

Isobel



Family or Country.

Scout is up against a problem which has perplexed many a brave man. "Being eligible for the Legion of Frontiersmen, and having a liking for the healthy recreation on the march and in the camp, I should join, but for the condition that binds the members to active service abroad at a soldier's pay. Now, for a man without means, and earning a weekly wage which provides a decent living, to be called away and leave his family to exist on a soldier's pay isn't quite good enough. What should one do in the circumstances?"—It is a question you should discuss with your wife, Scout. If she is ready to let you take the risk, you will be acting the part of a man and a patriotic Englishman in doing so. If not, I think that, under the circumstances, your first duty is to her. You can still qualify yourself in every way possible to be a valuable defender of the country. Men who can shoot and ride would be bitterly needed if this land were ever invaded, and perhaps both by your example and words you might be able to drive a little shame into the hearts of those who are too lazy and cowardly to fit themselves in any way for their duty to their country.

Uncle Sam.

ALL the way from sunlit Calcutta an Indian reader writes to inquire why an American should be known by the name of Uncle Sam. As a matter of fact, like many other things in the world, "Uncle Sam" originated in a joke. In former days there was a famous store on the Hudson kept by a gentleman who rejoiced in the name of Elbert Anderson. The two inspectors of this store were Ebenezer Wilson and his uncle, Samuel Wilson, the latter of whom superintended the workmen, and was irreverently referred to as "Uncle Sam." All the goods sent out were marked, E. A., U.S. (Elbert Anderson, United States). One day an inquisitive stranger, who had noticed these mysterious letters, asked the manager of the store what U.S. stood for. Being the possessor of a pretty wit, the latter promptly responded "Uncle Sam," and, needless to say, the joke at once ran through the whole store. It was carried South and West by the soldiers in the War of Independence, until at last everyone began to refer to the States as "Uncle Sam." Thus was it that the respectable Mr. Samuel Wilson attained a world-wide fame, such as he could never have hoped for, even in his wildest dreams. Truly, there is a chance for us all.

The Marble Arch.

"IN view of the alterations which are taking place in connection with the Marble Arch," writes G. F. R., "I wondered whether you could give me any information concerning its history. Was it erected to commemorate any great event? I have asked several people, but none of them seem to know anything about it."—It is never much use asking Londoners about their own City, G. F. R. You should waylay some American, who has been in town for a couple of days, and he will not only tell you the history of any interesting monument or building, but will also add the information that they have a far better one in New York, or Denver, or Chicago, or wherever he happens to have been "raised." The Marble Arch originally stood in front of the principal entrance to Buckingham Palace. It was adapted by Mr. Nash from the Arch of Constantine, at Rome, and the first idea was to put an equestrian statue of George IV. on top. Fortunately, this disfigurement was never carried out, and in 1851 the Arch was removed to its present site. It cost £80,000 to build, the material being the best Carrara marble. The centre gates, which were designed and cast by Samuel Parker, are the largest and most superb in Europe. They can easily be shut up, a remark which, unfortunately, does not apply to the eloquent gentlemen who ventilate their fads in the immediate neighbourhood.

A Matter of Gloves.

DURING the course of his daily promenades about this puzzling world, SALUTE has noticed that many people betray an aversion to being introduced to each other with their gloves on. "Sometimes," he says, "it is almost painful to watch their efforts to take off their gloves before shaking hands. Now, I have always understood," he continues, "that it is not correct manners to take one's gloves off under the circumstances. Modern etiquette, however, is so fickle that I should be glad of your opinion on the subject."—You shall have it, SALUTE. In the first place, when you are walking with a friend, and you run across a distinguished stranger, and your

£500 A YEAR FOR LIFE.

The scrutiny of the attempts in this Competition is now practically completed, and the names and addresses of the winners will be published in the Whitsuntide number.

friend says, "Let me introduce Mr. SALUTE," you should, according to the strictest standard of etiquette, merely content yourself with smiling and bowing. If it is a lady, you would naturally take off your hat. In the case of meeting a lady with whom you are already fairly well acquainted, the glove question is a matter of compromise. For instance, if you see Mrs. Tompkins and her three daughters (with whom you know you will be expected to shake hands) coming down the street towards you, it is more polite to take off your glove in readiness for the ordeal. On the other hand, if you run bang into them round a corner, don't keep them all waiting with their hands out as if they were asking for pennies. Go straight in like a Briton, and shake with the glove on.

The Chiltern Hundreds.

W. S. W. wants to know something about the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, to which mysterious office members of Parliament are appointed when they are anxious to resign their seats. The explanation of the ceremony, W. S. W., may be found in the fact that, when once a talented politician has been elected to make laws, he cannot throw up the job unless disqualified by the acceptance of a place of honour and profit under the Crown or by some other cause. The Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, being recognised as such, is specially reserved as an appointment for members who are tired of the green benches. The holder resigns it immediately after he has vacated his seat. In old days the office was by no means a sinecure. It was, in fact, specially created for the purpose of putting down highway robbery. The Chiltern Hills between Bedford and Hertford were plentifully covered with beech-trees, which formed an agreeable lurking place for gentlemen of the your-money-or-your-life persuasion. Needless to say, however, these bold marauders have long since vanished from the scene, and nowadays, when some respectable and elderly legislator is awarded the post, he is not expected to lie out with a shot-gun in the damp grass.

Energy Catches It.

SOME weeks ago I published a letter signed ENERGY on this page, in which the writer indulged in a savage attack upon the ability and usefulness of lady clerks. I invited some of my fair readers to take up the cudgels on their own behalf. They have done so with a vengeance, and the spirited thwackings which they have administered to their critic should make that venturesome gentleman intellectually black and blue for some time to come. Perhaps the most delicate sarcasm comes from DOROTHY, who, in a delightfully worded letter, pleads for mercy for the offender on the ground that he is merely an enterprising office-boy trying to earn an honest half-crown to give himself an afternoon at Mudcliffe-on-Sea. There is none of this playful touch about the LADY DISDAIN, who defines ENERGY's arguments as "pure and unadulterated rot from beginning to end." The same candid utterance distinguishes the letter of A. G., who bursts into indignant song, under the slightly mistaken impression that she has written a Limerick. Here it is:

Wretched scoundrel! to talk such rot
About the girls of pen and blot.

ENERGY, your *nom de plume*,
Better far that you assume,
"Troubled," "Lonely," or "Talk-a-lot."

The following are the names and addresses of the twenty-five winners, who each receive a pair of scissors.

Miss D. Gray, G.P.O., Londonderry; Miss A. H. Melhuish, 4 Fortuneswell, Portland; Miss J. Bell, 95 Marlborough Avenue, Hull; Miss M. F. Cowie, 89 Bernard Street, Bridgeton, Glasgow; Mrs. Pratt, 17 Barnes Street, Putney; Miss J. Sword, 7 Baxter Park Terrace, Dundee; Miss M. T. Craig, 6 Oakroyd Terrace, Bradford; Miss G. Turner, 39 Exchange Street, Driffield; Miss B. Fajja, Roseneath, Sidcup, Kent; Mrs. Vyner, Easter Bush, Roslin; Mrs. E. Unwin, 27 Lysias Road, Balham; Miss J. Walton, 139 Louise Street, Burslem; Mrs. Forster, Cwm Terrace, Furnace, Llanelly; Miss Davis, Grove Farm, Chippenhams; Miss A. E. Haines, 25 The Grove, Bedford; Mrs. Bright, 33 Theydon Street, Walthamstow; Miss E. Heath, Oakdene, N. Finchley; Miss D. Purkis, 30 Browning Road, Manor Park, E.; Miss B. Goodall, 68 Coburn Street, Cathays, Cardiff; Miss J. F. Gibbs, East Ardsley, York; Miss E. Bassett, 23 Butts, Coventry; Miss A. Goode, 65 Murdock Road, Handsworth, Staffs; Miss G. Davies, Siddons Buildings, Drury Lane, W.O.; Miss S. Chandler, 19 Sewdley Street, Clapton Park; Miss Swinnaton, Appleton House, Nuneston.

From Bar to Kitchen.

T. B. writes to say that, while reading the papers lately, he has come across a good many complaints as to the difficulty of obtaining domestic servants. He has also seen certain paragraphs expressing considerable anxiety as to what would happen to the large number of barmaids should the Government ever see fit to abolish this profession by law. Putting two and two together, T. B. has come to the conclusion that the barmaids could obtain places as domestic servants, and the difficulty would solve itself. Do I not think, he inquires, that the change would be beneficial all round?—I am afraid I cannot go so far as this, T. B. In the first place, a large number of the girls employed as barmaids are not suitable for domestic servants in any way. Secondly, I am by no means one of those people who think that a domestic servant's life is necessarily a happy and healthy career. For sheer unadulterated slavery, it would be difficult to beat the lot of many domestic drudges, and I can quite understand a girl preferring to serve behind a bar rather than adopt such a career. Of course, there are many kind and considerate mistresses, but I have found in my own experience that they, as a rule, have little difficulty in retaining girls in their service.

Copper Mines for the Kids.

AMONGST the letters which I found waiting for me on my desk this morning was the following note: "DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Will you please give the inclosed p.o. for 1s. 6d. to the Fresh Air Fund? It represents the first working of my copper mine. This is not a romantic property in the wilds of South America, but a small wooden box, which is at present reposing on top of the piano. I call it my copper mine, because my wife and I have agreed that each evening we will drop in any spare halfpennies which we happen to have collected during the day and send them along each week to the F.A.F. The reason I am able to forward you such a magnificent sum this week is because a peculiarly surly 'bus conductor insisted on palming off a whole handful of these coins on me in exchange for a shilling. However, it's an ill wind that blows no one any good, and some poor little kid will profit by the transaction. Don't let the secretary of the fund build on it, though, as I intend to avoid that 'bus in future. Yours always,

"THE COPPER KING."

As his bronze Majesty modestly refrained from sending his name and address, I take this opportunity of thanking him. I hope that his brightly-written letter may persuade some of my other readers to imitate his plan. There are 200,000 unhappy little mites waiting and longing for their day amongst the green fields, which is the only real pleasure that most of them have in the year. Those odd halfpennies will not mean much to you, but to them the charity will come like a gift from Heaven. By the way, I have a special appeal to make to all lawn tennis players. There is a special branch of the F.A.F. known as the Lawn Tennis Branch, and this is the opening of its third year of existence. Already it has been the means of sending 6,000 little children for a day's outing in the country, and this year it badly wants to surpass itself. May I ask every single lawn tennis player who reads P.W. to make an effort to send along at least ninepence to Mr. Chas. F. Simond, Hon. Treasurer of the Lawn Tennis Branch of the Fresh Air Fund, Peninsular House, Monument Street, London, E.C., and this gentleman will very gratefully acknowledge their donations in the following issue of LAWN TENNIS, the official organ of the game.

Fresh Air Fund Contributions.

THE following contributions to the Fresh Air Fund have been received since the last list was published:

Amount previously acknowledged, £869 12s. 4½d.

A Braybrooke, £2 2s.; F. Black, £1; G. L., £1; R. Middlemas, £1 1s.; E. C. B., £2 2s.; F. W. Hall, £2; O. Denny, £8 8s.; Daisy, Phyllis, Evelyn, and Doris, 2s. 6d.; C. K., 1s.; Miss Scott, £9; H. S. H., 1s.; "Glory's Sake," £20; S. B. Cripps, £3 3s.; C. Palmet, £3; Major M. Daly, £1; H. J. Ayliffe, 10s.; Mrs. Marriott, £1; A. T. Jelley, 2s. 6d.; Anon., £24 6s.; Auntie Martha, £2 10s.; F. Mason, £1 1s.; Miss M. Brown, 6s.; Mrs. Thomson, £1 1s.; Mrs. T. Woodley, £5; A. B. S., £2 12s. 6d.; Well-wisher, £1 1s.; Anon., £25; Rev. P. W. Unwin, £1; A. Friend, £1 1s.; Childwall, 3s.; In Memory of Little Ben, 15s.; J. Garrod, 2s.; H. B. Debenham, £2 2s.; E. B. Y., £2 7s. 6d.; E. B. S., £1 1s.; Mrs. A. Hughes, £2 2s.; R. S. P., 1s. 6d.; Miss M. Chittick, £3 3s.; J. Hunter, £1; A. Kahn, £1 1s.; A. F. Cobb, £2; A. Little Bazaar, 2s.; Upson and Co., 5s.; J. King, 5s.; Mrs. Kindersby, £1 1s.; Stumped, 1s. 6d.; Miss F. Hammond, £8 2s.; "Nellie's Birthday," £3 3s.; Anon., £8 2s.; Major A. Symons, £1 1s.; A., 1s. 6d.; Mrs. D. Copeland Jones, £1; A. C. Tingcombe, £1 1s.; C. E. and Mrs. J. G. Barker, 1s. 6d.; O. B. Marshall, £5 5s.; Anon., £8 2s.; J. D. Thomas, £1 1s.; Mrs. Spencer, £1; Col. F. A. Lambert, £1 1s.; Mrs. B. N., 10s. 6d.

Collected: Tea-spillers at Moulton Grammar School, 1s. 6d.; In "Franks" Café at Johannesburg, 15s. 11d.; Mangamingi School-children, 3s. 6d.; Officers of H.M.S. Forth, per S. E. Elliott, £1 10s. 6d.; Blackburn Schoolboys' Football Association, £3; Kathleen, Jean, Nanette, Sybil, and Hazel Kennedy, 10s.; Ward-room Officers H.M.S. Argonaut, 17s. 6d.; Miss M. Sinclair, £1 2s. 6d.; Haddfields (East Hecla) Drawing Office Staff, per C. B., £1 2s.

Grand (P.W.) Total, £1,056 10s. 8½d.

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Note.—A pen-knife will be awarded to each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.



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¶ If you wish them to be reminded of you every week, send them a copy of the new weekly journal, "The Standard of Empire." Price One Penny, issued from the "Standard" Offices.

¶ It will appear weekly from Thursday, May 21st, the eve of the public celebration of Empire Day, and will be deeply interesting to all who live or are interested in any part of the British Empire.

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¶ A full summary of the Week's Home News in the United Kingdom for readers in the Colonies.

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